

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

A LEAF FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

Oh! there are times when the spirit, worn, and burdened with care, droops within. There are times when this corporeal casket sinks to earth, that noble, deathless part to which it is wedded: times when bitter and corroding thoughts press into the mind and wrap life in utter desolation. The past only reflects back its painful images, while the joyless present, veils itself in darkness, and sable clouds gather thick around to obscure the future. Then fond hope almost departs; lofty aspirations, with their ardent longings after something better, are quenched. So intense is the bitterness of soul that words and tears are but a faint index to the depths of its anguish. At such times, I would leave the crowd and wander forth among the beauteous hills, and strive to forget my cares, while communing with sweet nature, as she whispers in her shady forests, and by her sounding streams,—mysteries, which delight and exhilarate the soul. Here, while gazing on nature's varied loveliness, oblivion of our griefs and cares is won. Her low and soothing voice, reaches and inspires the soul, which, freed from its fetters, unfolds once more its pinions, and in its native element, again soars on high.—There is something in the boundless and free air, which, while it makes the pulse beat quick and strong, breathes new life into the drooping spirit.

The invigorating breeze, pure from the mountain's summit, quickens the step, causes the heart to exult, and breathes a new life into our whole being. Our

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spirits are joyous, when, free and unloosed from earth, they roam on high, like the winds, those chainless, viewless messengers of the skies.

**SOBRIETAS.**

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## ORIGINAL ROMANTIC TALES.

## HELVETIA, OR THE PHANTOM GIRL.

BY MRS. HAINES.

No cloud had intervened betwixt earth and sky the long day, and nature drooped beneath the beams of a midsummer sun. The hill-tops presented to the sickening eye the melancholy hue of the scar leaf, and the transient breeze that flitted over the landscape seemed contaminated with the baneful simoon. At the descent of the early evening dews a generous breath of mingled sweets, borne on the gentle zephyr's wing, had somewhat restored the languid energies of animated nature, and at half-past eight two officers of rank mounted upon Spanish palfreys, whose timid look and dainty tread betrayed a brief acquaintance with their riders, emerged from the city-gate.

"How peculiarly tranquillizing!" said Baron Beaumont, the elder of the two. "Nature appears in a lovely garb by moonlight. A rich banquet this for the eye to feast upon. What say you, Lachampe? Are you of a congenial spirit?"

"A sympathetic spirit, perhaps," replied the marshal. "You have taken a general view of the surrounding scenery, while I have been watching how mechanically the fog is folding itself from the surface of yonder pool."

"Furling its banner," said the baron.

"Right," replied the marshal, turning on his saddle as he spoke, "and see! the dark cloud that slumbered along the horizon's verge is arisen, and has cast itself upon the city spires like a vast funeral pall."

"Apocryphos, Lachampe. The hundred steeples of a captive city may well be personified as gigantic pall-bearers."

The exclamation of "*Long live King Joseph!*" came swelling on the ear, and the cannon's hoarse voice echoed from hill to hill the announcement that haughty Madrid had bowed her stern neck to the usurper.

The sun had not arisen upon the second day of the French king's reign when one of his staff, having gained admittance to his chamber, begged his immediate attention to a paper which he bore in his hand.

"Quite a domestic affair," said the king, glancing hastily at the document. "And whence this non-descript, this—wheel-within-a-wheel petition?"

"The bearer waits in the ante-room," was the reply. "I was interested with his person and volunteered him my services."

"Ha! well," said the king, "at a more convenient season I will consider it."

A slight scuffle and an angry word or two in Spanish were heard, when a tall, athletic young man, pushing the king's page before him, entered, and stood bowing before the disrobed monarch.

"Nay, my most gracious sovereign, defer me not," he said. "To return without your answer is out of the question. Don Menguillo's order is peremptory. I must bear back your decision or flee my country."

"Well, what then?" said the monarch. "I shall lose a subject; is this all?"

"Have you a wife?" asked the young man, with a stern countenance.

"Why ask?" said the king.

"I have already said I must flee my country unless—"

"Enough," said the monarch, "go, fellow, and say to Don Menguillo, he shall hear from me before midnight."

Beaumont and Lachampe being delegated to wait on the Don for further explanation relative to his singular petition, had availed themselves of the coolness of the evening for the accomplishment of their mission.

"Our pretty beasts are ill at ease. Who knows but we have purloined two pets of the Spanish Donas?" said the marshal.

"Very possible," replied the baron, with a grave look.

"This war is a sad business, after all."

"Rare language from a veteran chieftain, Beaumont. I

have hitherto viewed you as one of those spirits whose very home is the battle-field."

"Experience, then, seems not to have taught you that the actions of men are most frequently the result of circumstance. True, I have often plunged, heedless of personal safety, amid the deadly strife, shall I say in the absence of thought? Yes: for, when my sword is lifted up, could I reflect that the meditated thrust was to bereave a fond wife of a husband, an amiable mother of an idol son, or a lovely daughter of a doting father, my hand would at once become paralyzed and my soul sick."

"So I am not to anticipate a misogynist in every confirmed old bachelor, (beg pardon,)" said the marshal.

"Ha, ha! beg no pardons, Lachampe; but, since you have hitherto known me but in masquerade, suffer me at once to throw off my disguise. I am older, perhaps, than you have even fancied; look here," taking off his hat and wig, and passing his fingers through his scattering locks, "see how time has clutched away the glossy ringlets for which this frizzled wig is but a pitiful substitute. I am not, however, as you have hinted, a bachelor."

"And this accounts for your eloquence in behalf of the dear ladies! Still I have heard the emperor compare the entire sex to a swarm of butterflies, designed only to soil the luckless hand that grasps them."

"My estimate of the female character was fortunately formed previous to my acquaintance with the emperor; and, let me say to you, while I appreciate his heroism I deprecate his immorality. The sex, my dear marshal, are both constitutionally and legally dependant upon us, and if we exert a hurtful influence over them we are in a measure chargeable with their errors. 'Tis folly to poison the cup and murmur at the effects of the draught."

"Ha, ha! thou reasonest well, my friend; but how is it that you have never, during our long and somewhat intimate acquaintance, once spoken of your marriage? Herein is a mystery," said the marshal. "You have excited my curiosity, and I beg you to gratify it by an explanation."

"Well," said Beaumont, heaving a deep sigh, "the recollection is like that of an enchanting dream of joy too sacred to be desecrated by a frequent recital, yet I was once a husband and a father. Mutual attachment, based on friendship, is doubtless of too rational a nature to afford interest to the lovers of romance. No blood of slain rival, no novice rescued from the holy altar embellishes my tale; still I was infinitely happy in the possession of an amiable and intelligent wife, infinitely blessed in an angel daughter. Those were blissful days, but oh how transient! I was absent at Lisbon when my wife died suddenly of a malignant fever which then prevailed at Lyons; and being myself confined to a sick-bed when the information reached me, I wrote for my daughter, intending to place her in the family of an only brother of my departed wife. The intense anxiety with which I awaited the arrival of the ship which was to bring to my widowed arms that being which now engrossed all my solicitude cannot easily be described." After a short pause he resumed. "That ill-fated vessel never reached port. She fell into the hands of pirates. Shall I ask your sympathy, Lachampe? No, I will not thus tax inexperience."

A brief silence ensued, for, though unasked, the sympathies of the marshal were deeply wrought upon, and he looked like a warrior, but felt as a man.

"Strange!" said the baron, arousing himself, "that so trivial an incident as your allusion to the probable owners of our pretty beasts should have led to so serious a rehearsal. Come now, you have had an item of my past history, let's have yours, marshal. Your love adventures, if you please."

"Excuse me, baron, I never had the misfortune—happiness, rather—to be in love. But stay—I was once in love. It was with a phantom, however, and I will relate the circumstance. While at military school, and during my recovery from an illness which had much reduced my strength, I was frequently aroused at the approach of day by a soft, melodious female voice, carelessly humming a simple air, after which a lovely young lady would appear from behind a screen, pause a moment with apparent surprise and has-

tily withdraw. This I knew to be an illusion at the time of its occurrence, and have now for the first time spoken of it; but believe me, Beaumont, though I have since shone at all the courts of Europe, and basked in beauty's purest sunshine, I to this day covet the solitude of my chamber, to hold dumb communion with—my guardian angel, perhaps—the phantom girl!"

"Don Menguillo's castle! as I live! Haste! let's gather up our dignity," exclaimed the baron, as a broad white flag floated above the topmost boughs of a grove of ancient elms.

"True," rejoined the marshal, "and from the parallel curvature of the road and ditch, I fancy we are making the circuit of the estate. Suppose we attempt a leap? Lead on, Beaumont, and I will bring up the rear."

Beaumont put spurs to his horse and lighted like a bird upon the opposite bank, but Lachampe's beast plunged, throwing his rider with great force upon the ground. At this crisis the distant approach of horsemen was heard, and Lachampe called out jocosely for help to "gather up his prostrated dignity," and he laughed outright at his predicament, notwithstanding he was too severely injured to arise unassisted. In a few moments the moonbeams reflected the rich livery of six mounted pages, whose aerial appearance almost bespoke them a fairy band. They alighted and stood uncovered before the baron and marshal, acquainting them as they could in imperfect French, that they were Don Menguillo's suit, and had been waiting their arrival at the draw-bridge, while they had unfortunately been pursuing a wrong direction. One of them being despatched to the castle for assistance, four sturdy slaves were soon seen trotting down the avenue, bearing a palanquin upon their shoulders; next followed, with a vacillating gait, the well-fed physician; and lastly Don Menguillo, mounted and as full speed.

"Your unhappy mistake, gentlemen, has prevented the precise reception which I had designed," said the Don, alighting and addressing the French officers with the air of a prince; "ceremony, however, should give place to kindness," assisting, as he spoke, in placing the marshal upon the palanquin. Being borne to the castle, and his injury, though painful, proving not to be very serious, Lachampe yielded to the influence of a huge potion of laudanum, and presently found himself locked in the arms of Somnus.

Night wore away. The man of medicine had stretched his burly form upon a sofa opposite his patient, to dream, perhaps, of his own greatness. Day dawned without, although the massive iron shutters secured an artificial night within the walls of the castle; still Beaumont continued his lonely vigil, for sleep seemed to have forsaken his eye-lids. He walked the room languidly, chafed his fevered temples, and resuming his seat listlessly, dipped his hand in a basin of water and passed it across the forehead of Lachampe.

"What! arisen already?" said the marshal, starting from sleep and seizing the mischievous hand.

"Hush!" said the baron, pointing towards a door.

A species of melancholy chant first caught the ear, but changed as it approached to a sprightly air, and in an instant the sweet warbler appeared in the person of a very beautiful young girl, who glanced timidly at the French officers, and fled in haste.

"Are you not almost superstitious?" asked the baron, with a provoking smile and shrug.

"Why be superstitious?" said Lachampe, with a vain attempt to conceal his emotion.

"Rather, why not; if, as I believe, we have seen the antitype of your youthful vision?" replied the baron.

"A charming young creature that," interrupted the M. D., blustering up and rubbing his eyes; "a little startled, I am thinking, to find her father's sleeping apartments occupied by strangers, however."

"Pray have we been favored with so early a visit from the heires?" asked Lachampe, with pretended gayety.

"Be sure of it," said the doctor, "tis one of the Don's singularities, that he suffers no one to approach him, while sleeping, but his daughter; and as he accustoms himself to

vary his lodging to his fancy, she is often at a loss where to find him."

The business which had called forth the two officers having been adjusted, it was decided that Lachampe should remain a few days at the castle, and Beaumont took leave, promising him a daily visit until he should find himself restored to health. The spirit of the persecuted Spaniards, though temporarily baffled, was still unsubdued, and scarcely had Beaumont reached the capital when the exterminating attack upon the French king and his adherents was commenced. Finding himself alone in an enemy's land, Lachampe fancied it would be bad policy to recover his strength too hastily, and a week had expired before he consented to take the arm of his physician, suffering himself to be announced, with much formality, from door to door, through princely halls gorgeous and vast, and finally ushered into the presence of the Don. Glittering pages, of extraordinary beauty, glided with noiseless feet to receive them with obsequious bows, and the Don arose from a gilded sofa with the dignity of a monarch, and, without advancing a step, beckoned the marshal to be seated at his left hand. A polite question or two concerning the marshal's health, and a few commonplace remarks were exchanged, when the Don's daughter entered, leaning upon the arm of her duenna, whom the Don dismissed; and, taking his daughter by the tip of her fingers, conducted her to the sofa, saying, as he seated her at his right hand, Dona Helvetia, Marshal.

The eyes of the two met—it was enough. The mutual interchange of two kindred spirits needed not the superfluity of words, and the conquered hero sighed to lay himself at the victor's feet. But he sighed in vain.

At the close of a rainy afternoon, as the sun peeped from beneath a sombre cloud to take a parting view of our hemisphere, the marshal, straying in thoughtful mood down a retired walk, met, at the entrance of an artificial grotto, Dona Helvetia's page.

"Stay a little, and be seated," said the marshal. "Have you served here long, Gonzello?"

"From my infancy."

"Then you are, doubtless, quite at home, and quite happy also, I hope," added the marshal.

"Entirely," said the page.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I can."

"Take this, then," offering him a guinea, "and pledge yourself to be the bearer of a letter to your young mistress, without the knowledge of her father."

"I know my duty better," said the page; "nevertheless, for your safety as well as my own, I will keep your proposal a secret, without a bribe."

On the following morning preparations were making for the Don to visit the capital, and the marshal, who, for the first time, became alarmed for his personal safety, waited in the vestibule to bid him good morning, observing, half in jest and half in earnest,

"Set a good price upon your captive's head, Don."

"You forget that you are on neutral ground then," said the Don; "Give yourself no uneasiness, my friend Ferdinand himself can claim no captives of war sheltered by Don Menguillo's castle."

They shook hands cordially and parted in good spirits, and Lachampe having occasion to pass the library-door, which was standing half open, accidentally perhaps, turned his eye and saw Dona Helvetia arranging pictures for the camera obscura. She was alone—it might be the only opportunity he would ever have of declaring his attachment, and, following the impulse of passion, he entered, and, with the air of a practised lover, laid his right hand upon his heart and knelt before her, murmuring half audibly,

"Adored Helvetia—"

"Rash man," she exclaimed, "you know not what you do," and rushed from his presence.

Doubtful of the import of her words, as well as the magnitude of his offence, Lachampe stood pondering, when a rustling sound attracted his eye to the sky-light, where he perceived Gonzello perched upon the balustrade, looking down with the eyes of a green lizard. The explanation seemed intuitive, and resolving to hazard a flight from the castle during the Don's absence, he hastened to his chamber.

"What! been playing truant," said the doctor, whom he found waiting at the landing. "'Tis sad to call upon a patient and find him missing."

"Walk in then and see how I do," said the marshal.

The doctor felt his pulse with feigned gravity.

"A case somewhat difficult, marshal, where advice seems only necessary."

"Let's have it then," said Lachampe, with a scrutinizing glance at the doctor.

"The wafting of the thistle-down, perchance, may amuse the eye without reminding us of the mischievous consequence of its aerial voyage. Thus, too, some trivial circumstance often terminates in the weightiest results of our lives. Shall I offend, marshal, if I admonish you of the danger incurred by your visit to the library?"

"Not in the least, doctor, and since you have proved your skill in detecting the disease, I will place confidence in your advice."

"Then," said the doctor, "as nature's first impulse may prompt you to flee, I advise, nay, enjoin you to remain where you are, and wait the issue of the affair passively, and, in the language of Scripture, you shall be led by a way that you know not."

(To be continued.)

zion returned : it had disturbed her, however, and slowly and indolently she opened her eyes, and gazed around her. There was in them at first an expression of surprise, then wonder and fear, as travelling round the still, quiet ward, they at length rested upon me, as I stood leaning over the low iron bedstead, and hanging on with my arms to the cord over it.\* By and bye, recollection seemed to dawn slowly and gradually upon her; a feeling of where she was, and *why* she was there, seemed to come full upon her: she turned to the wall, covered her face with her hand, and groaned aloud in very bitterness. Oh the deep, low, prolonged "a-ah" that seemed as if drawn piecemeal from the inmost recesses of a crushed heart!

I was with her at intervals throughout the day and the following night, and next morning placed a beautiful infant in her bosom.

The short time she was in the hospital, she had won her way into the hearts of the matron and nurse. At first they thought her stubborn, from her not answering their questions, but when they found that she understood no English, the sympathies of their womanly hearts were excited in a tenfold degree, in favour of this poor lone daughter of the south, alone and unprotected in a land of strangers, and that too at a period of her being when friends and protection were most in need; and again and again to their oft-repeated little kindnesses would the dulcet "*gracias,—muchas gracias*" of the beautiful Spanish woman float around in the full golden tones of her own magnificent language.

I was convinced of her country from the first, and began hammering up as much Spanish as three months in a counting-house at Seville had given me, with a view to find out something of her history. All my attempts, however, were fruitless. I seemed by my inquiries but to augment the mental agony she was evidently suffering, while the sweetness of temper with which she bore it so excited my compassion, that at length I ceased to importune her. The day I was called to her I managed to ask her if she was not from Spain!

"Es verdad, señor."

"And what made you leave your home, my good girl?"

She buried her face in the clothes, and sobbed as if her heart would break; alas, poor thing, it was already broken!

When her child was laid beside her, she became more calm, and smiled upon the little creature with a look of such forlorn affection, that I saw the tears rising in the eyes of the worthy Mrs. Bland, and when she lavished upon it words of endearment in her own tongue, and pressed it fondly to her, upon my life I thought I had caught the infection.

During the two days she had been with us, she had taken no food, refusing everything the kind-hearted nurse offered her, save some wine and water, with which she moistened her lips occasionally. I was a little troubled at this. I asked her why she did not eat,—she made no reply, but covered her face and cried. I pressed some food upon her, announcing to her the simple fact, that if she did not eat she would die.

"Bueno, señor,—nada deseo sino morir,—I only want to die."

"Why, my poor thing, may I ask?"

"O gran Dios!—Francisco ha me abandonado—Francisco has abandoned me!"

"And who is Francisco?" but my question was lost in the paroxysm of grief to which she gave way.

I waited for a while, and then told her that if she did not take food, she could have no nourishment for her little daughter.

As soon as I could make her understand me, she appeared struck with some thought, and quietly took the food I offered her.

She was now getting on tolerably well, and I was flattering myself upon working out a speedy elucidation of the mysteries with which I had been bothering my brains, when the second night after, I was called to the hospital, and found my interesting patient about to go from me for ever. Symptoms had occurred which I need not explain, and on my arrival I found she was sinking rapidly. Dr A—— had been sent for, and was already there, doing all that mortal man could for her, but without avail. I told him her brief story. He was much moved.

I bent over her, she was murmuring something. I listened,—she was praying.

"O Maria Santissima!—mia hija—O Dios mio!—no la abandones jamas—Heavenly Father, be thou a father to my poor infant!"

A few minutes passed,—what was that? I shuddered as I heard it—it was that fearful sound that tells us hope is gone.

She spoke again; "Adios feliz Espana!" I listened attentively; "Adios Francisco—mi a—ma—do—Ad—i—!"

Oh woman, woman, is his name the last sound on your living lips!—his, who has been your utter ruin in this world, and who, we pray Heaven, may not be your eternal condemnation in the next! Such is woman's love!"

\* In most hospitals there is a strong cord that hangs from a hook in the ceiling over each bed, it has a cross stick at the end of it, by grasping which the patient, if weak, is enabled more readily to change his position in bed, or even materially to alleviate the feeling of pain.

## MARIA GRACIAS.

*From the "Reminiscences of a Medical Student."*

"She was found," continued my fellow-student, as we merged from the gateway of the hospital, "she was found sitting on a doorstep in a narrow alley, somewhere about the Seven Dials. It was considerably past midnight, and the sound of her moaning attracted the notice of the watchman, who had just returned to his beat, having been drawn away for some time by an alarm of fire in a neighbouring lane. When addressed, she continued her groans, in the intervals uttering some words unintelligible to the man, who, in the belief that she was drunk, had her conveyed to one of the police offices on a hurley. Her condition being at once evident there, she was forthwith conducted to the hospital, and the matron sent to me to let me know it was my turn to have the case."

On entering the ward I perceived she was asleep, and turning on the gas, I stood looking at her for several minutes, fixed to the spot. She was a most beautiful woman. Not even the wan and anxious look, nor the other peculiarities to be expected from her situation, could for one moment conceal even a trait of her extraordinary loveliness. And it was a style of beauty, too, I had not seen for many years.

She lay in a tranquil slumber, with her face turned towards me, and one arm laid over the bed-clothes. The clean cap which the nurse had hastily placed on her head, was too large and had come off; it now hung round her neck by the strings, partly confining her beautiful black hair, which however bursting forth above and below, wanted in rich curled and wavy masses all over the pillow. Her eyes were closed, the large black pupils appearing in a soft shade through the thin, delicate lids, beneath which their glances of passion or feeling were now sleeping, while the long dark lashes mingled together like fringes of silken filaments. Her skin was soft and velvet-like, beautifully pale, a shade of brownish red on each round cheek, altering in richness of tint with every breath she drew. Her lips were of the finest cherry red, and were slightly parted, disclosing an even row of teeth. Methought while I looked, a faint smile played over them,—yes, it was so. Alas, poor girl, her mind had travelled many a league, and was far away in her own sunny land!

My eyes now wandered to the arm that lay on the counterpane. It was beautifully shaped; the hand was so particularly; it was small and plump, with long tapering fingers, and a tiny dimple over the knuckle at the root of each. The appearance of the hand and elbow at once made it plain to me that they had never been employed at any menial labour. Anon as I looked, a twitch passed over her face as if from internal pain; it was off, and the same placid expres-

## ORIGINAL OUTLINE SKETCHES.

## THE DOUBLE LOVE.—A TALE.

(Concluded.)

"My father," said she, "was a native of Italy, and a person of rank. He forfeited his estate for opposition to the Austrian tyranny, and came to this country poor. He married, and my mother died soon after my birth. We lived alone in the country. My father conceived that I showed extraordinary capacity for music; and being himself profoundly instructed in that art, he spent most of his time in developing the powers of my hand and voice. His pride cut him off from associates on the one hand, and his poverty on the other; and we lived therefore wholly alone. One day—it was one of those bright deep days in June when heaven seems to be descended on the earth and to encompass it—I walked out into the woods along the great road that passed near our house. A little brook crossed the way and passed under a small stone arch. I sat down beside it and leaned over the water to pluck some flowers that grew in it. I presently heard a noise above me, and looking up I saw standing on the arched bridge the most splendid being I ever beheld." She turned her head aside and continued her story with her eyes fixed on the ground. "His beaming countenance, with his golden locks curling around it, made him glorious as the sun. I was dazzled and awed by his beauty as if it had been a terror. My eye shrank from the lustre of his gaze, and I was ready to sink into the earth before him. He spoke to me, and his voice seemed to pierce to my heart and to subdue it: I could not resist it. He asked me where I was going; and I told him I was going into the forest to sing. He asked me to sing to him, and I tried, but could not, for my voice was wholly gone, and I said that I could not sing without my piano. He made me show him where I lived, and promised to see me again, for he was then hurried. He then left me and I sat down as one in a dream: it was an exquisite and perfect delight, as if a pure and unfading sunlight shone upon my being. I sat there almost unconscious, I know not how long; and it has seemed to me that I should not since have been so enslaved to his spirit if I had not then, by meditating so long, imbibed that enchantment so deeply, and admitted it to the recesses of my bosom, and imbued my soul with it. The next afternoon a carriage came down from the house of a rich lady who lived at a little distance, to bring me up there with some of my music; and when I reached the place I found that he was there, and it was he that had told the lady of me, and caused her to send for me. There was a small party of young ladies in the parlor, and I went to the piano and played, and none of them came near me; but he came to me and spoke in so soft a voice, and turned over the leaves for me; and I touched his hand, and felt his fragrant breath upon my cheek; and I was so happy that I would gladly have died in that moment. After a little while the company went in to tea in another room, and I came away. And when I had left the house I became so much afraid that I should not see him again that I turned back to speak to him. A servant called him into the entry, but when he came my voice was gone, and when he asked me what I wanted, I could not speak; but I pointed to a little girl that was with me, and she told him I had come back to tell him that if he would come to my house the next day I would play a particular piece he had asked for. And he thanked me kindly, and shook hands with me and promised to come. What a flash of joy darted through me when I saw him, through the window, coming in the next day; I thought I was happy in expecting him, but the thrill of rapture that my frame then trembled with told me how dull and miserable my life had been before. I wanted to rush to his arms; but though he was very kind and friendly, he was so cold, so frigid. I played, and as he sat beside me, that visit was a long ecstasy. I played on and on, that he might have no opportunity of going away; but at last he rose and said that he must leave me: and I remained exhausted and wretched. I went to my room and wept: it was ominous of my fate, for I never saw him again. In after days it was my satisfaction to note all the places where he had sat, and I marked the leaves of my music-books which he had touched, that I might never forget them, and I tried to find if he had not left something behind him, if it were only a straw or a leaf. And often and often did I sit beside the brook where I had met him, and picture him standing on the bridge; and it seems to me that then I was not wholly waking, but wrapped in a vision, dream being mingled into my life. But I was rudely awakened by the sudden death of my father. That event, which in other circumstances might have prostrated me, roused and strengthened my energies. I at first sank in despair, then my spirit

rose against the oppression of misery, and I braved and triumphed over it. My soul was absorbed in one resolution to find the person who had produced upon my feelings so ineffaceable an impression. I said to myself, 'He loves me not, because I am poor and obscure; I will go forth into the world; I have genius, I can toil: I will grow rich, I will be famous, I will subdue the world, I will win his affection.' I sold all the furniture except the piano; I moved to the capital, and I devoted my days and my nights for three years to the ardent prosecution of music. I was resolute, daring, determined to succeed. I was intolerant of failure; I was incapable of it. I offered my services at last to the manager of the theatre; and fearing lest I might be embarrassed, I appeared first in an obscure piece, unannounced. Since then, I have gained all the applause I could have wished for. I am famous. But, can I win his love? . . . I thought not of that defeat. If I cannot, I am wretched in the midst of my fame; I am overwhelmed in the pride of my triumph."

I listened with deep interest to the wild and strange narration of this child of passion. As she concluded her narrative, her manner became inexpressibly saddened; the color left her cheek, and she hung down her head as if in lifeless woe. I asked her if she had seen the person that she spoke of, since her appearance in public.

"I have," she said gloomily.

"Have I your permission to guess who it is?" said I.

"Oh! no, no, no," she cried, stretching out her arms; "you do not know and cannot possibly conjecture. You would certainly be mistaken."

I had however no great difficulty in satisfying my own mind as to who the person was. I left this ardent and engaging person, greatly interested in her.

I subsequently saw a good deal of Beaumont. Our tastes and pursuits were much alike, and we took to one another a good deal. He spoke of Clara with admiration of her genius, but with indifference of feeling. He did not appear to remember having seen her before. His affairs afterwards fell into some embarrassments. His debts were not large; and would have been perfectly insignificant at another time than one of universal commercial distress. He possessed a handsome real estate, but it was one of those seasons of prostrated values, when, as the Quarterly Review once said, a tailor might cheapen Carlton House. Some difficulty about trustees or outstanding titles rendered it impossible to mortgage. His creditors were pressing, and his property was on the point of being sold, and undoubtedly the state of the currency and the confusion of the title would cause it to be sacrificed for a song. I heard these things with regret; for it struck me that December was not a very agreeable period of the year in which to be turned out into the street.

I was sitting alone in my room on a bleak tempestuous night, when I heard a hurried tap at the door, which was opened immediately, and a person wrapped in a black cloak, dripping wet, came in. The cloak was thrown aside, and revealed the person of Clara Carelli. Her flushed countenance showed her high excitement. She threw a packet upon the table.

"I have heard," said she breathlessly, "that Mr. Beaumont has been arrested for debt. The amount of his debts is in money in that parcel. I beg of you that you will at once see it applied to the satisfying his creditors and procuring his release. But I enjoin upon you on no account to let him know from whom it comes."

I was astonished at this sincere and affecting display of romantic attachment, and gazed for a moment in silence upon the beautiful and beaming countenance before me.

"Do not delay," she cried; "I ask you as a friend. He may be at this moment in a noisome prison."

I groaned inwardly as I listened to the hail driving against the windows, and I thought that the storm had never been so violent as it was at that moment. Though passion might render one indifferent to the elements, yet I reflected I was not in love with Mr. Beaumont. I was sure that she was mistaken in supposing that he had been arrested; for I knew that no man can be arrested who has property. I was going to tell her this, and to suggest that it would be more humane to leave a man in prison than to bring him out of it on such a night: but when I looked on the exalted ardor that blazed in her animated features, I thought it would be cruel to dash her enthusiasm by showing that it was needless, or to diminish the glorious satisfaction she must feel in the consciousness of such a deed. I accordingly ordered a hackney-coach, and having set her down at home, drove to Beaumont's. Her last injunction to me was not to disclose the person from whom the money came. When I reached his house, it was as I suspected; he had not been arrested. However, I found that I had come very

opportunely. His creditors were then with him, and they were arranging for the sale of his property. I called him aside, and put the money in his hands, with such information as to its source as I was permitted to give. He hesitated a long time about accepting it, but finally acquiesced. The men were paid on the spot, and I had the satisfaction before I left him of shaking hands with him as a free man. I drove of course at once to Clara's to inform her of the result. Beaumont was penetrated with gratitude for an act which prevented the sacrifice of his property; and the next day lodged in my hands security for repayment.

Beaumont and myself had once or twice called on Clara. On the occasion of his visits, her manner was generally depressed and silent. We called a day or two after this occurrence.

"Ha!" said he, as we entered, "I want you to sing for us that charming little air you gave us last night. But,—Mademoiselle Carelli,—your piano is gone; how is that?" She hesitated a moment, and then said with some confusion, "It is sold."

"Sold!—why it is indispensable to you. Ah! ha! I see; Mademoiselle, you have been extravagant; you have got in debt. You have been obliged to sell it."

Her face was turned from him as she sat; and was deadly pale. She breathed hard. "No, no," said she.

"Ah! it is sold for somebody else then; you have some lover, perhaps, who is in difficulty."

"It was sold for you," she said scarce articulately: then bursting into a passion of tears, added, "I know not what I say."

I came forward. I saw that her feelings had made her speak against her intention; but I deemed that an explanation was indispensable.

"It is to this admirable person," said I, "that you are beholden for the money you received through me. I myself am aware for the first time that the sale of her piano furnished part of the amount."

Beaumont fell upon his knee and pressed her hand to his lips.

"How can I express my obligation for such transcendent goodness. In uttering my gratitude, let me add to it my unfeigned love. It has always been the passionate wish of my heart to be loved sincerely and ardently. I was interested in you from the moment I saw you. And I should have expressed my feelings, had it not been—"

"I understand you," said she, interrupting him; "you thought me too humble, too base. I am unworthy of you, who are so noble."

"Not so, not so," said he. "But I will be frank with you, Clara. Years ago, it was my fortune to meet with a young person whose beauty and genius captivated my heart. It was in the country; I told not my love, but left her till I could see if such arrangements could be made as would permit me to declare myself. When I returned she was gone; and I have never seen her since. For her sake, I would not woo another; but I am now certain of never finding her, and you alone are worthy to take that place of empire in my affections."

It would be impossible to describe the fire of delight, and surprise, and pride that kindled her countenance as he proceeded. When he had ended she threw herself into his arms and cried, "I am she, I am she. You remember —," but her voice failed. She had fainted.

When her senses were restored I took my leave of a scene so hallowed to these parties as the mutual expression of a passion so profound, so delicious.

Beaumont often labored subsequently to account for his not having recognized her. The change of name, of position, of dress, and the great difference which three years, and the development of a mind so ardent and mature had wrought, seemed to him to explain the mystery. But Clara, satisfied with his later affection, often rallied him on the want of depth in his first love.

## SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

### THE FASHIONABLE RAKE.

#### A TRUE STORY.

How often, how strongly does the inspired principle of faith, that love is the spring of goodness and the origin of virtue, commend itself to the consciousness and experience of men! Even to the cold, unwillful eye of Reason, it must seem that it is the light that always decks, the only fire that warms the chilly gloom of the world. The free, wild affection of the natural heart, unbaptized as it is by sacramental sanctity, is yet to men

The master-light of all their seeing;  
Is yet the fountain-light of all their day.

Its paler beams shed a comfort upon desolation; and in the flash of its fullest ecstasy, it is a star that passioning Fancy cannot outshine. It is the chiefest grace of the pure; it is the only restorative of the fallen. Its plenitude is our conception of Heaven; and its extinction upon earth will be signalled by the flight of Hope and the final seals of Despair.

Truly it is an extraordinary principle that can make a philosopher rhapsodize and point the careless style of an epicurean into "antithetic graces." I beg that the value of my testimony on this subject may be appreciated; it is not the testimony of one who writes to excuse his own feelings or dignify his own follies. Enthusiasms in me are dead, and the blaze of the passions expired for ever. But even in the ardors of youth I never felt this emotion. I had suffered too much to feel it. Driven by the pain of a too exquisite susceptibility in earlier days, to seek protection in the vigor of the mind, the lamp of classic learning opened before my eyes the stately heights of that philosophy which teaches us to live wholly within our own being, and be dependent on nothing that is outward; to give no hostages to life, and suffer Fortune to have no liens on our feelings; and not to link ourselves with the vicissitudes of mortality. Severing my fate and nature from the destiny of others, solitary, separated in the midst of society, I have ever lived free and unfettered by the ties that bind men to their fellows. I love flowers; I have loved trees passionately, with tears; I love the blue ocean with its snowy foam; I love the rising and the setting sun. In these I fix my affections on that which will not rack me with ingratitude or indifference; that will not pass away and leave me desolate, but rather will gleam with unfaded glory when I am lying beneath the sod. But though solacing myself with all the brightest forms of grace, I give not my heart and its happiness to the frailty of women. To me

Human beauty is a sight  
To sadden rather than delight;  
Being the prelude of a lay  
Whose burden is decay.

I may perhaps be the fool of my own humorous philosophy; but there is no smile so soft that it can wake my heart into visionary rapture, and no eye bright enough to madden my spirit with fantastic illusion. But I am an observer of others; I ever seek to understand the elements of character and the laws of conduct; and from what life brings before me in the history of my friends, I gather the homage that I have expressed to Love.

The most extravagant and reckless, yet brilliant and interesting man I ever knew, was Arthur Wilcox. I was myself something gay, but he left my competition and every other far behind him. He was what Dr. Johnson would have called a "hero in extravagance." His outrages illustrated the same author's definition of genius,—"a mind of large general powers accidentally directed to a particular object." He brought recklessness to a system, and threw around worthlessness the graces and finish of an art. He had bright parts and a generous character, with a marvellous propensity to destruction. He dazzled others with his course, but seemed to be more dazzled with it himself. He might have recalled to a graver mind, Lord Chesterfield's

anecdote of a young man determined to shine as a man of pleasure, who was at the play called the Libertine Destroyed, a translation of Moliere's *Le Festin de Pierre*. He was so struck with what he thought the fine character of the Libertine, that he swore he would be the *Libertine Destroyed*. Some friends asked him whether he had not better content himself with being only the libertine, but without being destroyed? to which he answered with great warmth, "that being destroyed was the perfection of the whole." Wilcox seemed bent on throwing around his career the fascination of ruin. He possessed wit at discretion; prodigious store of elegant and tasteful literature, and high and splendid manners; but he was irregular, turbulent, abandoned. His nature seemed to have in it no principle of restraint; to borrow a distinction from Walpole, you might say that his character "owned" virtue without "allowing" it; he seemed to understand, appreciate and enjoy it, yet appeared incapable of being convicted by it, or morally acted on by obligations whose logical force he perceived and admitted. The wildest practices were made interesting by the intelligence, vigor and spirit that were thrown into them. The heir of great estates and representing an ancient family, his career ran beyond and against the views, the hopes, the sympathies of men, as much as his station was above them. He gave respectability to profligacy, and made vice attractive. Those who saw his course from without, and were not acquainted with him, would pronounce him thoroughly heartless and depraved—that monster that a complete man of fashion appears in the eyes of the vulgar.

Those, however, who knew this man more intimately, found that his nature contained one infusion that lent a charm to all,—one principle of light that shot lustre through the gloom. It was a certain pervading cast of sentiment,—the echo, the shadow, the perfume of Love. It was that tinge of sentiment, pure and delicate, yet manly, that gave softness to every violence, and refined all his coarseness. This one unextinguished spark of feeling—the recollection of a foregone emotion, the fore-image of a brighter hope—playing round his heart, shed a refinement and an interest throughout. It was the perception of this engaging quality that attracted me towards him the first time that I met and conversed with him: and in all my subsequent intercourse with him, it struck me as the one gilding and elevating element in a character otherwise shaded and fallen. Over the most luxuriant scenes of festal mirth was flung a hue of soft and graceful melancholy, like the faint cloud you so often detect in the most joyous landscapes of the sunny painter Albano. In the flow of gaiety there was ever a glow of faint regret; even the foamy inspiration of the wine-cup was touched with one thought of sadness. It gave him a natural superiority to the occupation he was engaged in; the looseness of revelry and the madness of frolic were ever accompanied by a sense of their worthlessness. The very ardor of passion evolved a beautiful disdain of that which he pursued. It was a trait that raised in me some curiosity; I knew not when it arose, nor how to account for it. He never, in my intercourse with him, alluded to his past history; he had too much refined good-breeding ever to speak of his feelings: the quality I have spoken of showed itself involuntarily, and the observer was left to wonder whence it arose, and of what experience it was the token. When I have seen him reclining at the head of his own princely board in the satisfaction of a noble hospitality, with his gold snuff-box in his hand, conversing on literature and life, and have looked upon his lofty features whose haughtiness was softened by a dreaminess of the eye and a generous smile upon the lip, he reminded me of the festive hours of St. John, or the more classic voluptuousness of ancient revelry. There was in truth in his character much that called to mind the peculiar philosophy that pervades the Greek anthology, in whose soberness a sigh ever melts into a smile, and in whose lightest gaiety a smile is always shaded by a sigh. It was a cheerful despondence and a ruined hope: the display of a spirit that remembered a better light that yet was false, and a nobler destiny that still was vain; from whose dreams there lingered a glory that made despair contented, and the enchantment of whose aspirations the stronger sorcery of life had baffled; that faded vision was the "amari aliquid" that abated every earthly joy, and it was, too, the gleam that flashed over Fate an exalting ray. I have often gazed upon him with interest and regret as I have heard him repeat with a low plaintive voice, and abstracted manner, as if speaking to some one not seen, the most exquisite passages from Milton's *Comus* or from Spenser, or the subtlest refinements of sentiment that the genius of Wordsworth has made vocal in poetry; with an earnest delicacy that showed that he sympathized perfectly with the purest and most elevated feelings that Fancy has ever made glorious; then he would shake a gathering tear from his

eye, and turn away with quick gay laughter. That recognition of softer emotion, that susceptibility to higher, mournful feelings, kept his moral nature in a career of dissipation, from being "stung like the Cyclops, mad with blindness." It gave me an instinctive confidence that he would yet recover himself from the abandonment into which he had fallen. I subsequently became acquainted with his history, which was thus:

His family estate lay a few miles from —, in one of the most beautiful and delightful regions of this country. Here, his mother being dead, he spent his early youth with his father. He early displayed a fine intelligence, and feelings and sentiments of a high, generous, romantic cast. In the intervals of more serious study with his tutors, it was his delight to revel in the brilliant creation of the world of poetry, and indulge his visionary temper in roaming among the forests and hills of the surrounding scene. Not far off resided Mrs. Manning, the widow of a naval officer of considerable distinction. She was a woman of superior condition, but having no other income than a pension that was paid to her by a foreign government, in acknowledgment of an important service that had been rendered by her husband to some members of the royal family during the wars of Napoleon. Her only daughter, Margaret, a girl of matchless beauty, early engaged the interest of young Wilcox, who was a little older than herself. With her, the sole companion of his rambles, he delighted to wander for whole days among the picturesque woods and streams that were around them; feeling in her presence a joy indistinct and undefined, yet deep and high almost as a celestial rapture. They were both beautiful; he, with a frank, manly pride of countenance, and long, curling locks; she, with a child-like face of soft, sinless innocence, pure as angelic sanctity, "too pure e'en for earth's purest ties," a complexion like the gleaming pearl—eyes bright, but not with passion—a smile as brilliant as a rainbow.

Here, in the "first white dawn" of youth, the heart of the boy was bathed in the inspiration of sacred love; the fresh, stainless breezes of a heavenly transport diffused through his soul the immortal perfume of an august and cleansing sympathy: his spirit was touched and for ever sanctified by a holy, an unreprouvable affection. He that has once been born to the higher life of the soul, where virtue, love and ecstasy are one, is thenceforth safe for ever; he cannot be lost: he may return to sensuality and linger too long in the confines of worldliness; but that unquenchable germ of moral redemption quickens for ever in his being; and his nature will one day spring back to spirituality, and with a flash-like fervor rush again into rapturous communion with the eternal good. It was this pure, virgin love; keen, clear—chaste as the stars of winter,—bright as the blanched featherings of the morning sea,—delicious as the flowery airs of spring—that consecrated his youth with a divine emotion; this it was that preserved his moral being unruined in the mid-hell of vicious errors; and this alone was the hope that he might yet be restored.

At seventeen Arthur went to college. His superior talents and the extensive information which the best masters had given him at home, enabled him to take and maintain a respectable station with very little labor: idleness therefore left him open to temptation. A young man, of uncommon personal beauty and grace, genial temper, happy powers of conversation, and immense wealth, was of course assailed by every enticement that could seduce to evil. His nature had unfortunately an amiableness and facility which is popularly deemed a virtue, but which properly ought to be considered as one of the greatest vices of character. He yielded to the practices of irregular companions, not from any malice of heart, not from "*une disposition à faire une male chose*;" but from easiness of temper and want of a vigorous purpose. His course at college was wild, reckless and profligate, a tithe of his riotousness would have caused the expulsion of an ordinary student; his wealth, which caused his excesses, obtained for them a ready remission.

At the end of the course he returned home, with winged thoughts of love and gilded dreams of passion. His heart was true to Margaret as in the moment of their adieu. He hastened to her mother to ask her consent to their union. His father was now dead and he was the master of a princely fortune. Mrs. Manning was, however, a woman of the strongest sense and the firmest principles of virtue. She had heard of Arthur's career; it had given her deep regret, but an immovable resolution against her daughter's union. She at once and decidedly declined the proposals which he made. His promises, his representations were in vain. She rightly considered that the most splendid advantages of fortune and station ought not to induce a mother to think one moment of giving her daughter to a dissolute man. She acted with a vigor that showed the sincerity of her feelings.

While Arthur was meditating at home, by what means he might see Margaret, and at least gain her consent, Mrs. Manning suddenly moved away from the country, and he saw no more of her.

He came to the city and entered into fashionable life; his appearance was an era in the gayety of society. I have given some notice of his career. In a nature that religion could not grapple with at all, and which seemed beyond the reach of every moral argument, was yet kept alive some fragrance of purity by the recollection of what it once had been. From every idea of marriage with another he shrunk as from a violation of the sanctity of the heart. He could scarcely be said to retain a love for Margaret, for he had not the slightest expectation of ever seeing her; but that love, though in his mind it was only a memory, was in his nature a strong, distinct and vital passion. He lived on in a kind of contented hopelessness; too proud to despair of life; with sympathies too high to enjoy real pleasure in his light pursuits; often feeling a weariness that amounted to disgust.

Two or three years had thus passed, when one of his friends requested him to make inquiry for a governess for his daughter. Arthur obtained a reference to a young woman who had recently come to the city in quest of such a situation, and was described as a person of very superior character and education, who had been reduced from comfortable circumstances to dependence on her own exertions for a livelihood. He called at the house where she stayed, to speak to her; being shown in the parlor, judge of his agitation and astonishment at beholding in this person the well-remembered beauty of Margaret Manning. His first emotion was a shock of dismay that left him speechless; with the next moment rushed a tide of passionate affection that swept away every other feeling. His being seemed melted down by the resistless power of her presence: he had no conception that she was so beautiful, and that he could love so ardently. All his old enthusiasm flowed back upon his heart. He was a boy again, in the glorious world of youthful hope, in which there was no beings but himself and her.

Her history was understood at a glance. Her mother was dead; her pension had ceased with her life, and Margaret, the cherished darling of his soul, was destitute, homeless and dependent. He threw himself at her feet, and in broken sentences the passion of his spirit found a faltering utterance.

"Margaret!" said he, "the worship of my being, the glorious object of all my dreams! I love you with a devotion, a purity, a perfect homage, that cannot be expressed. May I not hope that you will be mine? Remember the confidence, the happiness of our youth; I am the same that I then was; my heart is as wholly yours as when we wandered together among the woods and the hills."

The agitation of her manner, and her blushing countenance, assured him that her emotion was not less than his. She withdrew her hand from him, however, and said, "It cannot be."

"Ah! I know why you refuse," said he, "and I venerate your filial duty. Your mother repelled me for my errors, and you feel that it would offend her memory to consent. I do not ask you to marry one so irregular as I have been. But you shall find me henceforth another man. It was the despair of winning you that made me vile; the hope to gain you shall restore me to virtue. On your smile depends my fate. Give me but a hope, and I will become all that you can desire me to be. I ask only for a trial. If I am not thoroughly reformed and brought back to purity, you may leave me to my misery."

An appeal like that could not be resisted; and her manner told him that his suit was granted.

From that hour there was a thorough revolution in the conduct of Arthur Wilcox. It was not a change of his nature, but a reviving of his better principles by the rays of hope, and a resolute extinguishment of the more unworthy propensities. I had long seen that the attraction and interest of evil was worn out in him; that only circumstances, and the absence of any motive for a change kept him from renouncing his old habits. That motive now was given to him in the brightest and most inspiring form that virtue can be arrayed in; and it had its full effect. He cast aside all his base associations; and from that time forth he walked in a clear high path of honor and excellence.

He was married to Miss Manning towards the close of that year. He seemed to me less to love than to adore her; he felt for her an unbounded gratitude for having withdrawn him from the wretched and galling slavery of sin. In youth he had inhaled into his spirit the pureness of her character; it had remained with him for ever; and it had been the influence which saved him from destruction.



## THE MIDNIGHT RAMBLE.

BY MARIAN ELLIOTT.

"Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch!"—SHAKESPEARE.

I was walking in Broadway, that avenue of fashion, for the first time after my return from a tour through Europe. Many familiar faces passed me, and bright smiles, and glances of recognition, assured me I was still remembered.

I had fallen into a reverie, and was comparing Broadway, and the gay and richly dressed ladies who were passing and re-passing, with the sights and scenes I had lately visited, when I was accosted by a familiar voice, and turning round, beheld my most intimate friend Charles Ellerslie.

"Edward, my dear fellow," he exclaimed warmly, "how delighted I am to see you. When did you return? But stop——," and presenting me to a most beautiful woman, who was leaning on his arm, he continued, "you, perhaps, are not aware that amongst other blessings, I have, since I last saw you, gained a wife. Kate, you have heard me speak of Mr. Howard before."

The lady greeted me so kindly, and smiled so sweetly, that I was instantly charmed with her. She was certainly most beautiful, with features of Grecian regularity, and eyes of the deepest hazel.

"Well," continued my friend, "when shall we have a long chat together? I cannot stay with you now, for we have a very particular appointment in Murray street. Are you engaged to-day? If not, come at four and dine with us. Only a quiet, family dinner, at No. 122 — street. We shall certainly expect you. Where do you stop?"

"At the Globe; I arrived only yesterday, by the last steamer."

"The Globe! why that used not to be your house?"

"That is true; but after a man has been so long in Europe, the Globe is the only

house in the States where he can get a dinner to his mind. Blancard has a capital French cook——"

"Well, Edward, you must not expect either *Vol au vent* or *Salmi* at our house——do not forget No. 122—at four precisely. So good bye for the present."

The lady bowed gracefully and they left me. So, Charles was married! and his last words, when I left him two years before, had been, "you will find me a bachelor still, when you return." I had received but two letters from him during my prolonged and uncertain tour, and in them he had not mentioned his fair bride, or his intended marriage.

Charles Ellerslie and I had been warm friends, schoolmates, and college cronies. He was the only son of a wealthy merchant, and every advantage which wealth could procure for him, he had enjoyed. Mr. Ellerslie wished his son to become a lawyer, and Charles having finished his course of study, had commenced practice, when his father died and left him in possession of affluence. Young, handsome, and wealthy, he was courted and flattered by the world, and naturally warm hearted, and impetuous, he plunged into all its gaieties. Law was forgotten, or at best remembered but as too dry and uninteresting an occupation for him; and then he argued, "why should I continue in its practice? I have wealth enough, without seeking to gain more." When I left New York, he was in the full tide of enjoyment—no one drove finer horses, drank better wine, dressed in more fashionable style, or paid his devoirs to the reigning belles with a better grace than Charles Ellerslie. He was, however, a good, warm-hearted youth; and he but needed some strong stimulus, to incite him to exercise

talents, which, properly directed, would have won for him the approbation and admiration of the good and wise.

Having paid due attention to my toilette, I proceeded, at the appointed time, to the house of my friend. It was a two-story building, and a neatly dressed woman servant ushered me into a small, but handsomely furnished apartment, where all bespoke the taste of the proprietors. They had no company, except myself and a friend of Mrs. Ellerslie's, a Mrs. Villiers. The dinner was well arranged, and passed off very pleasantly. Mrs. Ellerslie was lively and intelligent, and Mrs. Villiers, though not so beautiful as her friend, appeared a very agreeable and amiable woman.

As the ladies withdrew, I exclaimed, "you, certainly, are the most lucky fellow in Christendom! but tell me, Charlie, how did all this happen? When I left you, you vowed to live a bachelor for ever. I must acknowledge that you have a fair reason for changing your mind, but how did you manage to fall in with so lovely a wife?"

"O, when you left me, I was a thoughtless, wealthy young fellow."

"Wealthy!" interrupted I, "are you not so still?"

"Then you have not heard of my misfortunes! but fill up your glass, and if you have patience to listen to a long story, you shall hear it all."

"About two months after you left us, I was on my way home one evening from Harry Emerson's. It was a delicious summer's night; the air was cool and refreshing, and the moon shone with a subdued and softening light. It was but a few moments after eleven, and tempted by the extreme beauty of the weather, I rambled on, enjoying my cigar, and scarcely conscious whither I wended my footsteps. Suddenly, I heard a faint cry, and hastening to the spot from whence it proceeded, I beheld a female struggling in the grasp of a man. I sprang forward, released her from the drunkard, (for such I discovered him to be) and, calling a watchman, gave the ruffian in charge to him. Then, prof-

fering my arm to the half fainting lady, I begged permission to escort her home, which she modestly gave. I had a glimpse, under a neat cottage bonnet, of a young and lovely face, and which, as the soft moonlight fell upon it, looked doubly interesting to me, while the sweetest of musical voices, thanked me gratefully for the service I had rendered."

"Well, our walk, as you will readily suppose, came to an end more quickly than I could have wished, and I discovered that she lived in a small, neat looking house, though in a somewhat out-of-the-way street. The door was opened by a stout looking woman, who exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Kate! have you come at last? your father——" but the closing of the door prevented my hearing any thing more."

"Well! my homeward thoughts were full of my new acquaintance; she had such a lovely face, such a dulcet voice; and then, the hand that rested lightly on my arm, was so small and prettily shaped. Don't laugh, Ned! this was not one of my old fits, when I used to fall in love with every pretty face I saw. There was something heavenly in this girl's countenance, something different from all I had ever seen before, and there was so much modesty and grace in her manner, that I felt certain I could both love and esteem her."

"Days and weeks passed; and I saw no more of her, although my evening rambles were generally in that direction, until one night, as I passed the house, I observed a light in an upper front window, the sash of which was raised, and a white curtain hanging before it. Suddenly, a female figure moved across the room. I glanced around; no one was near, and no light in any other part of the house; so, hesitating no longer, I approached somewhat nearer, and commenced the song I used to sing in our old serenading parties. She approached the window; for I could even see the shadow of her features upon the curtain; but at the close of my song, she disappeared, and the light was extinguished."

"The following day, I was astounded by the intelligence that the house of Smith & Co., in whose hands my father had always left a large portion of his funds, had been declared bankrupt. I had only a few days before advanced Mr. Smith eleven thousand dollars, in addition to the very considerable sum he had already in his hands, to relieve him, he said, from a temporary embarrassment. He was my father's most intimate friend, who considered him as safe as John Jacob—I would willingly have trusted him with every dollar I had in the world. A fortnight afterwards, the Bank, in which I had deposited the remainder of my property, "suspended" its payments, and has never since resumed them. I was thus deprived of nearly every dollar I had possessed, and thrown back upon my own resources."

"I at once made up my mind to return to my old profession; and to my great surprise, the man, who in my career of fashionable folly, had seemed most to despise me, or to regard me as only a dissipated spendthrift, now proved my best friend. I mean Ollson, with whom I studied. He gave me employment, and exerted his best interests in my behalf; while those whom I had fancied my true friends, dropped off, one by one, and their cold greetings, when we chanced to meet, proclaimed that their intimacy with me was occasioned only by my wealth."

"Well, I persevered in my exertions; I was really industrious, and I became known as an assiduous lawyer. Mr. Ollson recommended me to a Mr. Manvers, as one who was competent to undertake the management of a lawsuit for him.

Mr. Manvers had once been rich; his property, however, had unfortunately been invested in bank stocks; and, like myself, he had been suddenly deprived of it. Since then, a distant relation had bequeathed a large estate to him; but the validity of the will was now disputed. It was in this suit that he required my assistance. It was a work of much labor, for I had, from the stupid wording of the will,

to prove the relationship—our case was rather obscure. I was, however, fortunate enough to prove it, so clearly to the jury, that I succeeded in obtaining a verdict for him. My success in this case, obtained for me abundant employment. My office was thronged with shoals of clients, and I may say that I have one of the best businesses in New York. But to the more interesting part of my story."

"One evening as I sat thinking of the time when I would have spurned the idea of being obliged to return to my profession to enable me to support myself, and contrasting my former inactive, or at least useless life, with my present studious one, our old crony Tom Edwards entered my room. I always liked Tom; there was a careless good humor about him, and then he had not deserted me as most of my other old acquaintance had done."

"Come Charles," said he, "I want you to make a call with me this evening."

"Upon whom?" inquired I.

"I wish to introduce you to a Mrs. Fortescue, who has the most lovely angel of a relation you ever saw. But you must surely have seen her? It is your client's, Manvers, daughter."

"No, I have never happened to meet her. Is she so very beautiful?"

"Yes, very beautiful, and if it were not for two reasons, I should certainly make love to her."

"What are your reasons?"

"Why, in the first place, I do not think her so very much superior to Miss Ellen Fortescue; and in the second place she is not in love with me."

"And Miss Ellen Fortescue is; ha! Tom?"

"Tom smiled and colored, but made no reply; so taking up my hat, gloves, and cane, we proceeded to make the call."

We turned into one of our fashionable streets, and ascended the steps of a handsome looking house. A servant ushered us into a richly furnished parlor, where Tom seemed to be perfectly at home.

"Allow me to introduce my friend Mr.

Ellerslie, Miss Fortescue—Mr. Ellerslie, Miss Manvers.”

“I bowed to Miss Fortescue, a pretty, sylph-like girl; and turning to Miss Manvers, I beheld, with amazement, my fair unknown. I started, and stammered, until, recognizing me in an instant, she came forward, and extending her hand, said, “I am very happy to meet Mr. Ellerslie.”

“We soon entered into an animated conversation, (in which she reproached me with not having called to inquire after her) and before the end of our visit, I was more than ever in love with her.”

“Well, I believe I visited the house as often as Tom did; and to make a long sto-

ry short, I won the love of Miss Manvers, and her father’s consent to our marriage. I mentioned before to you that Mr. Manvers had lost his property by bank stock. In his reduced circumstances he had unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain employment, and poor Kate, to support them both, became a milliner’s apprentice. On the evening in which I met her, she had been detained later than usual, and her father, who generally went to fetch her home, had been prevented doing so, by illness. I can only add that I shall forever bless my midnight ramble, and that I never knew perfect happiness until Kate Manvers became Kate Ellerslie.”

taking a chair, "I guess that I have the pleasure of introducing myself to the editor."

"You may be sure of it, sir," we replied; "and to what gentleman from New England are we indebted for this courtesy?"

"My name, sir, is Parley, Peter Parley, of whom, doubtless, as you do not seem to be much advanced in life, you may have heard something."

We started back in astonishment. "Can it be possible? What! Peter Parley, the delight of the young—the veritable Peter, himself?"

"Yea, my editorial friend and brother—I am he! no abstraction, as you may have supposed, but the real flesh and blood Peter Parley himself!"

Though the reader would be much edified with the dialogue that ensued, we will not give it in detail, but briefly remark that the subject of our conversation with the old gentleman was the issuing and publishing in his behalf of a journal for juveniles, to be called "Peter Parley's Youth's Gazette." We advised the old man not to put his scheme into operation, lest certain pretenders, who had made many silly little books in his name, and in his name committed multifarious absurdities, might take umbrage thereat and deny his identity. At this he laughed outright and said that if he was not himself, he could not imagine who he was. Hereupon we acceded to his request, and accordingly caused to appear in the New World, a prospectus, which he had written, and a recommendation of it to the public.

There was, however, one very mysterious circumstance, which, thoroughly convinced as we were that we had held sweet converse with the celebrated Peter himself, threw a doubt over the whole affair, and would have made us suppose that we had been dreaming, had we not happened to hold in our hand the manuscript he had left behind him. As soon as the old man had closed the door in his exit, we, feeling curious to have another peep at him to see in what direction he would travel, arose and looked out of the window. But in vain; no ancient gentleman stepped into the street, but a spruce, good-looking young man, who seemed to be laughing rather loudly in his sleeve, and who walked away with a quick rapid step. After watching for a few moments, we returned to our arm-chair, convinced that Peter must have scampered down stairs and turned the corner into Nassau street before we had reached the window.

Soon after this interview, and after the prospectus of "Peter Parley's Youth's Gazette" had been published in the New World, our venerable friend paid us another visit. He was dressed precisely as he was before, and talked very much to the same purpose. He exhibited, however, a degree of uncertainty and vacillation that made us like him a little less than at first, and entertain a doubt or two as to the veracity of his narration. He had no sooner left the room than we hurried to the window to see if we could have better luck, this time, in catching a view of his departing form. What was our surprise at beholding, step rapidly on the side-walk, the very same spruce, good-looking young man who had formerly taken the place of Peter! He appeared to be laughing in his sleeve more loudly than ever, and to be chuckling over some capital joke. He walked away; but we did not cease expecting to witness the old man's exit till a good quarter of an hour had elapsed.

"Very, very inexplicable, certainly!" said we.

A full week elapsed before our friend in the snuff-colored suit, with the bright blue eyes, and the ruddy cheeks, and the stout hickory cane, and the thick, high-quartered shoes, and the white lambs-wool stockings, made his appearance again. This time he reminded us, by his wheedling manner, of the blind man in Barnaby Rudge, though at first we likened him, in our mind, to no less a personage than Master Humphrey himself. His remarks concerning the Youth's Gazette were more vacillating and irresolute than ever. We told him that the die was cast, and that we must bear up manfully against opposition, and that he must prove, by his vast funds of amusement and instruction, that he was the Simon Pure, the bonâ fide Peter Parley. He said "yes!" and that he would come on Monday with "copy" for the printer. Saying this, he rose to depart. As his fingers turned the handle of the door, we fancied that we discovered, through his habitual smile, a slight sneer. And this time, to make all sure, we quickly followed in his footsteps, and looked, not out of the window into the street, but out of the very door of our office into the passage. Three seconds had not passed; in fact the old gentleman had not had time to close the door after him. Fancy, then, reader, if you can, our overwhelming surprise at discovering, not six paces from us, and walking away with the same short, rapid step, the same spruce, good-looking youth, laughing in his sleeve so violently that we verily thought it would have burst open from shoulder to wrist.

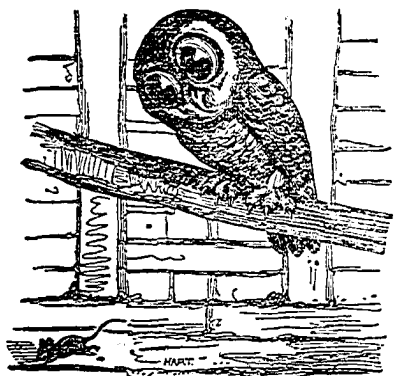
This was too much. We could endure the mystification no longer. Accordingly directions were immediately given to the "foreman" of the printing of-

fice, to take from the "form" the prospectus of Peter Parley's Gazette, and to suspend the whole business till future orders.

The next morning, as we were reflecting on these mysterious occurrences, the Boston papers were brought in from the Post Office. We first unfolded the Atlas, and lo! there was nearly half-a-column devoted to this very "Peter Parley's Youth's Gazette," and a card from Mr. S. G. Goodrich, averring that he was the real Peter Parley, that nobody else was, had a right to be, or could possibly be; and, moreover, that the advertisement in the New World was "a fraud upon himself and the public." Goodness gracious! and all this muss made about a little two-penny paper for children! At first we were disposed to be somewhat irate; but, upon reflecting how cap- itally we had been hoaxed, we leaned back in our "Sleepy Hollow," and laughed "an hour by Shrewsbury Clock."

We have heard nothing more of the venerable Peter since that day. It strikes us that he has gone to Texas. Perhaps, however, he is nothing more than the spruce, good-looking young man after all; and that, desirous to convince us of his wisdom, he wore an air of gravity, that made us fancy his silver locks and the quaint fashion of his garments. Never mind—he has gone, and peace be with him! All that he did was to stir up a tempest in a tea-pot, and give certain wiseacres a chance to make a mountain out of a mole-hill. We are told that the editor of the New York American was particularly grandiloquent in his denunciation; but we cannot vouch for the fact, since we have not the honor to be one of that select four hundred and fifty persons, to whom the reading of that very literary sheet is confined. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and we dare say that a certain class of *redacteurs* who create a vast hubbub about trifles, is necessary to complete the *olla podrida* of mankind.

The gentry, of whom we speak, are always making some dreadful discovery, and, in a fit of moral wonder and virtuous indignation, announcing it to mankind. It is highly probable that, if Peter Parley's Youth's Gazette had not ceased beforehand, the announcement of the Editor of the New York American would have demolished it. It is a common saying that "a cat may look upon a King," but we never thought before that the converse of the adage was true. This must account for the awe which came over us, on hearing that so mighty a critic had condescended to exterminate so small a work. Nevertheless, things equally remarkable have occurred—for example:



"My EYES! there's a Mouse!"

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITER;  
OR, THE PLOT EXPLODED.  
A TALE, WITH A TAIL-PIECE.

ABOUT four weeks ago, at the hour of noon, as we were sitting in our large arm-chair, at our round table, pleasantly contemplating the prospects and condition of this well-beloved hebdomadal, "The New World," there came a low tapping at our office door. It not unfrequently happens that we are favored with visits from ladies—literary friends, of the gentler sex. Thinking that so dulcet a noise on the panel of the portal could proceed only from a fair hand, we exclaimed in our blandest tones, "come in!" Nevertheless, no one entered, and the tapping was repeated—and it was not until we had vociferated "come in!" in the voice of a stentor, that the handle was turned, and there appeared—not a fair authoress with a budget of poetry, but an old gentleman. As he lifted up a broad-brimmed hat and made an obeisance that would not have misbecome Sir Charles Grandison, there was disclosed to view a wrinkled but ample forehead reposing under a mass of silvery hair. His eyes were blue and bright; a smile of kindly benevolence, that seemed habitual, rested on his lips, and his furrowed cheeks wore a bloom like that of a boy who has just come in from a snow-balling frolic on a keen, frosty morning. He was neatly dressed in a snuff-colored suit, and carried in his hand a stout hickory cane, which seemed worn with use. On his feet were high-quartered thick shoes, buckled around a pair of white lambs-wool stockings, which were discernible nearly to his knees; for he wore that kind of "unmentionables" which are rarely seen in this degenerate age, out of the theatre. In a word, his apparel was of that substantial sort adapted to a pedestrian, who regarded comfort much more than fashion.

"I guess," commenced the venerable visitor, after carefully depositing his hat and stick in a corner, and

## THE OFFICER'S WIDOW.

SOME years ago a lady, whose superior manners excited, on her first arrival, a sort of nine-days' wonder amongst the gossips of the neighborhood, occupied apartments in — street. Her countenance was interesting rather than handsome—her easy carriage evidently marked the lady, and her behavior, though rather reserved, was polite, but exhibited that proneness to techiness often observable in persons of decayed fortune, who, in their intercourse with the world, seem continually recurring to the past, whilst others think but of the present.

In her case there was nothing either singular or romantic. She was the widow of an officer whose love of pleasure had dissipated his fortune, leaving her, at his death, without any other support than the pension allowed by government, which, however liberal it may be, when compared with the resources of the country, and the number to whom it is extended, is still barely sufficient to procure the absolute necessities, much less the comforts of life.

Although she had married with the consent of her family, yet the extravagance of her husband soon excited their disapprobation, and during his life a coldness existed between them. At his death, however, they felt it necessary "to do something." The son, who had been designed for the artillery, was placed with an engineer; and as their pride would not suffer her to degrade her family, by endeavoring to maintain herself, they made a trifling addition to her pension: a selfish bounty, which tacitly compelled her to appear like a lady, without giving her the means of doing so; and her life was a daily sacrifice of comfort to show—or, to sum up her miseries at once, she was a poor gentlewoman.

Amidst all her troubles, she however had some consolation, and looked forward to the time when her son's clerkship should expire, and he would be able to reside at home. She might also have other hopes, and expect, through his means, to escape from her present dependent situation. But her hopes, whatever they were, were doomed to be frustrated. For some

months before the time she had expected so anxiously, Edward — had been unwell with a severe cold, which ere long settled on his lungs. His mother had often wished him to have advice, for whenever she saw him his cough rendered her uneasy; but he postponed it from time to time in expectation of getting better. Those who have to keep up appearances on a limited income, and eke out their scanty pittance to support a character above their means, will readily believe that his apparent neglect was in reality economy. It was, however, a mistaken thrift. He was compelled, partly from weakness, partly in search of a purer air, to decline a lucrative situation offered him by his master, and go to his mother's. The change of scene had a temporary effect; but when its novelty had subsided, his disorder revived with increased power; and though his illness had not reached that point when even friends despair, yet a glance at his countenance was sufficient to convince a medical eye, that his recovery was almost hopeless. He nevertheless continued to take exercise when the weather permitted, (for the latter part of the spring was very unsettled); and at the commencement of summer again experienced, for a short time, a cheerfulness of spirits which he mistook for a renovation of health. But as the heat increased his debility returned, and before the beginning of autumn he became so weak as to be rarely able to leave the house, and grew peevish in proportion to the progress of his disorder.

To detail this minutely would be tedious. Like all consumptive patients he kept gradually declining, whilst the flattering nature of his complaint prevented him from suspecting his danger. It became his chief amusement to get his heart-broken mother to sit by him, and listen to the plans he had formed for the re-establishing his health, by a trip into the country, when he was able to support the journey, and to the course of life he intended to pursue on his recovery: a circumstance which seemed barely possible even to a mother's hopes, and utterly

visionary to a stranger. His weakness daily continued to increase, and in a few weeks he was confined to his bed, whilst it was clear his dissolution was fast approaching. The decay of his body had moreover a corresponding effect upon his mind. He would inquire about circumstances which had never taken place, and be angry when contradicted or not understood. He also became capricious, and, if the term can be applied to a person in his situation, unreasonable, requiring the constant attendance of his mother, and never permitting her to be absent a moment, without angrily commanding her return. In the earlier stages of his complaint he had been considerate; but he now daily expressed a wish for delicacies, which it seemed cruelty to deny, and useless to procure; for when they were gotten they were rarely touched. The expenses, too, of illness had greatly diminished her little fund, and she found that money would soon be required for absolute necessities. Indeed, for some time past she had been wavering between her dread of approaching want, and her dislike of applying to her relations; but having written them an account of Edward's illness, she was in daily hopes of receiving an unasked-for supply. Some, however, took no notice of her letters; and those who occasionally visited her in consequence of them, were precisely the persons who were unable to afford her any material assistance. At last an occurrence, trifling in itself, confirmed her resolution of making a direct application.

She was one day sitting by Edward's bedside, when he suddenly asked for some strawberries.

"I have none, my dear," replied his mother, "for they are out of season."

"Then give me some grapes."

"I have not any either, my love."

"Well then," said he, "give me whatever you have."

The knowledge that she had nothing he would touch, rendered her unwilling, if not unable, to answer, and she remained silent.

"What, have you nothing to give me, mother?" he exclaimed, after waiting a few minutes in expectation of her reply, and throwing himself back on his pillow, covered his face with his hands, and turned from her; but she could perceive by his half-suppressed sobs, that he was

weeping. As this can be told, it seems nothing; but his mother experienced a sickness of the heart, which no misfortunes of her own could have produced. That evening she wrote to one of her brothers. He was busily engaged with the affairs of a charity, of which he was a governor, and her letter remained unnoticed for nearly a week, when an answer arrived, enclosing a remittance. It came too late to be of service to her feelings: she had struggled for five days with fatigue, suspense, and despair, during which time she had seen her son, if I may so express myself, gradually exhale. He now took nothing but a little drink, and a few days, or even hours, seemed likely to be his last.

The morrow was one of those beautiful days, which sometimes in the middle of autumn gladden the declining year. The bed-room of Edward — commanded a view of some fields, whose verdure was yet bright, and looked brighter in the light of an unclouded sun. A few solitary individuals, apparently attracted by the fineness of the afternoon, were strolling about them. Several groups of children were in various parts of them engaged at play, and their bursts of merriment, softened by distance, came upon the ear with that peculiar melody which Goldsmith has noticed. A few cattle were basking in the sunshine, and the very dogs seemed enlivened by the spirit-cheering influence of this "latter spring." Mrs. E—— had walked to the window to exchange the faint and sickly atmosphere of her apartment, for the freshness of the open air, when her attention was suddenly attracted by hearing her son draw his breath rather harder than usual; and turning her head, she perceived his countenance distorted by a series of slight convulsions. Although dreadfully shocked, she rallied her spirits and rushed to the bed. As she bent over the body and endeavored to raise it, she felt his breath for a moment upon her cheek: a convulsion rather stronger than she had yet seen, accompanied the expiration, and immediately afterwards his countenance settled into the rigid placidity of death.

It was some minutes before his mother could believe he had expired; and she continued unconsciously to press her lips upon his, until the falling jaw and glazing eye convinced her that all was over, and

she sunk upon the bed in a state of stupefaction. Even the entrance of the girl who waited on her did not arouse her, nor was it until she heard her loss confirmed by the scream of her servant, that she awoke to consciousness, and burst into tears, which, indeed, restored her to herself, but only to enable her to feel her misery.

The night of her son's death was the first time for several weeks, that Mrs. E—— had attempted to take any regular repose, and she never rested worse. The stimulus which had hitherto supported her was removed, and had left behind it a debility and nervous irritation, which almost amounted to insanity. Her sleep, if sleep it could be called, was broken and disturbed. The early part of the night she passed in that horrible state between slumber and consciousness, which frequently accompanies fever, or follows intense excitement, and must be felt to be fully comprehended. All the adventures of her former life passed confusedly before her, accompanied with those physical impossibilities, that union of contradiction, and that strong sense of reality, which is only to be felt in dreams. She conferred with "the changed—the dead;" she visited the scenes of her childhood, and then again underwent, with even aggravated horrors, the sufferings of the last few weeks. At length her misery became too powerful for slumber, and she awoke in a state of delirium, during which she could not believe that her son was dead—the past appearing like a fearful dream, horrible, yet untrue. At last, nature could endure no more, and she sunk into that sound sleep which sometimes betokens a mind at ease, but as frequently absolute exhaustion, and awoke the next morning with fresh capabilities of suffering.

Although her relations had neglected her whilst their assistance would have been kind, if not serviceable: yet her loss was no sooner known than they overwhelmed her with offers of friendship. One took upon himself the trouble of the funeral, accompanied with a delicate hint, that he would defray the expense. Some made her an offer of anything their house contained; and others wished her to go home to theirs. To her, however, the place that contained her son's relics was dearer than any other, and, declining the offers that were made her, she remained

in the house until the day appointed for the funeral, in a state of mind I shall not attempt to describe.

It was on one of those lowering, cold and misty mornings, which are so frequent in our climate, especially during the autumnal season, and when the dreariness of nature seems to harmonize with grief, that the quiet street in which Mrs. E—— resided, was disturbed by the preparations for the funeral. Eight mourners had expressed a wish to follow him to the tomb; and the necessary arrangements for their accommodation created a considerable bustle within the house, whilst the cavalcade without had attracted all the idlers of the neighborhood to the spot. Upon the wretched mother, however, all internal and external noise was lost. She had sat the whole of the morning by the coffin in a state of abstraction; and even when the assistants entered to remove the body, she remained insensible of their presence. For some time they waited in silence; but at length a lady, who was with her, perceiving that they were unobserved, took her by the arm and gently endeavored to remove her. The action seemed to recall her to herself, for, throwing a look of unutterable anguish upon the coffin, accompanied with several convulsive shudders, she endeavored to leave the place; but after advancing a few paces her strength failed her, and she would have fallen had not one of the attendants caught her, and she was conveyed away senseless from the room.

Advantage was taken of her situation to remove the body, and it was hoped she would not have regained her senses until the procession had left the house; but she recovered too quickly for herself, and gazing wildly around her, inquired, in a heart-broken voice, if they had taken him away. At that moment the trampling of the horses caught her ear, and before any one suspected her intention, she darted to a window which overlooked the road the funeral was to take, and remained gazing at the procession whilst it continued in sight, with a fixed intenseness of agony, more resembling that of a statue than a human being; and on losing sight of it by a turning in the road, she was seized with another fit, and again conveyed insensible to her chamber.

But I must hasten to a conclusion. Her relations, to do them justice, had acted



rather from carelessness than inhumanity ; and they now did all they could to repair her loss, but in vain. She yet lives, and in point of worldly comforts, is in a far better situation than before ; but the settled

melancholy of her countenance and perpetual sadness of manners, show her to be one of those for whom life, in the words of the French moralist, “ may have length of days, but can have no future.”

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## THE OUT-DOOR ARTIST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY THE EDITOR.

The whole city of Brussels was in a state of marvellous excitement. Talma, the great French tragedian, was to close his engagement that very day, by playing Leonidas. Even before daybreak, the doors of the theatre were besieged by persons anxious to secure tickets. At noon, the crowd reached to the farther end of the Place de la Monnaie. It was evident that the old theatre could not contain half the persons there assembled.

The hero of this Ovation, for so it might justly be termed, he who was at that moment exciting such intense interest in the minds of these honest Brabant beer-drinkers, whose nature, on ordinary occasions, is anything but enthusiastic, was quietly standing in the recess of a window at the Hotel de la Croix Blanche, very prosaically employed in shaving himself, looking, with apparent indifference, upon the crowd, but accepting their homage, as a monarch, who was no longer to be dazzled by the applause of the multitude.

Talma was chatting familiarly with an old friend, an inhabitant of Brussels, a great admirer of the tragic art, having himself trod the boards; his talents, however, not having been duly appreciated, he had, thanks to the patronage of Hamlet, all-powerful during the reign of Napoleon, exchanged the buskins, which fitted him but badly, for a minor office in the custom-house, for which he was not much better suited, but where, at all events, he was sheltered from the hissings of the public. The fall of the imperial

Colossus had not deprived this *great artist* of his place. Governments change, empires are destroyed, but taxes, direct or indirect, are immovable.

"Well then! he will not come," said Talma, in a tone of vexation, "he is an old madman, a misanthrope; I nevertheless assure you, my dear Mr. Lesec, that I have got up Leonidas expressly for him, thinking it would please him, and tickle his old republican reminiscences. If our good David had come he would have imagined he saw his own painting of the 'Spartan Heroes' upon the stage—but he will not come—he refused you—I was sure he would. Age, exile, and the recollections of the past, have dreadfully soured him; he is no longer the David of the Consulate."

"I have just returned from his house," said the tax-collector, "he received me as Hermione receives Orestes, in the fourth act of Andromaque—he was but sourly sweet, I can assure you. 'I never go to the theatre,' said he, tartly. 'Tell my old friend Talma, that I am much obliged, but I always go to bed at nine o'clock. I should be glad, however, if he would, before he leaves Brussels, come and drink a glass of Faro and smoke a pipe with me.'"

"He has become a right down Fleming," replied Talma, with a sarcastic smile. "Poor Genius! to what art thou reduced—to smoke tobacco and lose all faith in art. Persecution does more harm than the guillotine, my dear friend," con-

tinued the tragedian in a bitter tone. "It entombs living genius, and perhaps robs us of twenty masterpieces.

Nero finished his shaving operations, his companion looking at him in admiring silence, seemingly astounded that the representative of so many heroes of antiquity should deign to shave himself. The crowd in the square kept on increasing, promising Leonidas an abundant harvest of laurel wreaths and ducats.

I would bet ten Napoleons, my dear Lesec, that David would have come if I had gone my self to invite him. I did think of it, but had no time. The life I lead here is that of a manager or galley-slave, which are synonymous. The rehearsals kill me. But, I have now three quarters of an hour to spare, I will go and attack the old Roman in his very fortress—will you accompany me?"

"Very willingly," replied Lesec, but shaking his head doubtfully as to the success of their expedition.

The tragedian, threw on his cloak, and taking his friend familiarly by the arm, sallied out, and they proceeded, at once, to the rue de la Fourche.

"We are going to encounter a hurricane, my illustrious friend," said Mr. Lesec, "prepare yourself for it. For my part I shall leave it all on your shoulders. I will have nothing to do with it."

"Is he really such a regular hyena?" asked Talma, walking on more rapidly. "Poor exile, poor dying genius! how I pity thee!"

They soon arrived at the *New Louvre* of the celebrated artist, which, notwithstanding its loneliness and antique appearance, seemed a suitable habitation for him. A woman servant, at least sixty years old, conducted them into a rather dark and untidy drawing-room, the ornaments and furniture of which seemed to belong to different ages.

To Talma's great surprise, for he had anticipated a crabbed, sullen reception, David advanced smilingly to meet him.—"By Heaven, I am right glad to see you,

my old comrade," said he, seizing Talma by both hands, "you could not have come at a more propitious moment—I feel happier than I have done for many years. Your presence increases my delight." And the old painter rubbed his hands, which with him was a sign of superlative satisfaction.

Talma looked at Lesec, as much as to say, "The devil is not so black as he is painted."

"You must dine with me to-morrow," rejoined David, in a most cordial and persuasive tone.

"I regret that I cannot accept your invitation, my good comrade," replied Talma, "I play here to-night, for the last time, and to-morrow I start for Paris."

"You are really going to-morrow?"

"It is absolutely necessary; Michelet and Dumas have the whole weight of the theatre on their shoulders; the committee urge my immediate return. Lemer cier is only waiting for me to read a sort of Richard the Third."

"The Devil and Doctor Faustus! what care I for your committee? You shall go the day after to-morrow; one day cannot starve out the 'Theatre Francais.' I expect my friend Girodet, and positively you must dine with us. It will make me twenty years younger, for it will remind me of those merry parties we used to have at Koliker's, near the gate of the Louvre."

The illustrious exile accompanied this phrase with a mournful smile. The actor was moved by it. There was something intensely painful, in that bitter smile, regret for his native land could be perceived in it.

"I will not go to-morrow, I will stay to gratify you, my dear David," exclaimed Talma, with great earnestness, "for you I will for once fail in my duty. I will steal a day's holiday from my good comrades; but it is upon one condition only that I consent—that you will also make a small sacrifice to oblige me, and that is that you come to-night to see me play Leonidas."

"Well, here goes for Leonidas!" said the painter, whom the approaching arrival of his friend Girodet had rendered completely joyous and affable; but if I should happen to nod a little, so much the worse for you, my good friend, for this unfortunately happens every time I go to the theatre."

"The applause which must await any performance of Talma's will arouse you, Monsieur David," said the courtly Mr. Lesec, and this appropriate compliment was rewarded by an invitation to Lesec to join the dinner party, which he accepted with modest pride.

"He is decidedly good-natured now and then," said Talma to Lesec, when they had got out of the house. "It is to Girodet that we are indebted for this."

"This expected visit makes him quite happy," added the tax-gatherer. "About a year ago Gros came to see him; the poor old man actually danced with joy, and cried like a child."

"And yet neither Gros nor Girodet has influence enough to obtain permission for him to return to France!" replied Talma, with a tragical sigh.

Between six and seven o'clock the same evening, the old French painter, having mounted his best black coat, with a new red riband in the button-hole, made his entry into the grand theatre of Brussels. He appeared timid and confused, and hid himself as well as he could from the public gaze, in a corner of the stage box, which had been appropriated to him by his friend Talma. He was attended by the inseparable Mr. Lesec, who, with his hair curled, and sporting an immense frill in honor of the occasion, was happier and more joyous than he could have been had he received the appointment of first clerk in the finance department. But, notwithstanding the pains which the modest artist had taken to remain incognito, it was soon rumored through the theatre that he was present. He was recognized, and immediately the whole house rose to greet him, and loud bravos re-echoed

from the pit to the very ceiling. The illustrious exile overcome by his feelings, could not restrain his tears. He bowed rather awkwardly to the assembly in acknowledgment of their applause, and turning to Lesec, said,

"Well, my friend, you see I am still thought of. They know then at Brussels that the old man is still living?"

"The country of so many celebrated painters, could not do less than offer such an ovation to the great man who has sought its shelter."

"Very right, very right," rejoined David, who wished to preserve his good humor, and to whom this compliment recalled painful ideas, "but do not forget, it was for Talma only that I came here."

Leonidas soon made his appearance, and he then engrossed the undivided attention, the looks, and even the respiration of his numerous auditors; every phrase, every word of the generous Spartan, drew forth triple rounds of applause. The painter of the "Sabines," of "Brutus," of the "Taking of the Oath at the Tennis Court," of the "Coronation of Napoleon," remained immovable, dumb, in the midst of this scene of alternate tumult and profound calm. He did not hear the applauses of the public; he thought himself no longer at the theatre; he forgot even that it was his friend Talma who stood before him; he was at Thermopylæ, fighting by the side of Leonidas, and ready to perish with him and his three hundred valiant comrades. Never had he felt so lively an interest in any scenic representation. So far from giving way to sleep, which he had appeared to apprehend, he was perfectly animated; the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead, as though he himself had taken an active part in the heroic catastrophe. The curtain at length fell; it was some minutes before he recovered from his trance, and when at length he had completely redescended to earth, he could only ejaculate, "Heavens! how glorious it is to possess such talent!"

As he withdrew from his box, the

audience pressed around the French artist, who hurried on to avoid this second triumph.

It was the happiest day of his long exile, and he was smiling at the thought that the day would have a still happier morrow, when a young, and beautiful lady, most elegantly dressed, advanced towards him, and holding out her hand, said,

"Will Monsieur David permit the grand niece of Franklin, Lady Hobart, to express her delight at meeting a man of such exalted genius?"

The old man bent forward, pressed his lips upon the glove of the lovely American, but could not muster up a word of compliment in reply. A gentleman then came forward, and taking out his pocket book and pencil, presented them with a supplicating look—"Mons. David," said the young Englishman, "May I venture to entreat that you will draw one line, one single line, upon this paper?"

"One line?" said the painter, smiling, but not immediately comprehending what the insular amateur desired, "it will be just as well to draw two;" and taking the pencil he drew two parallel lines, which certainly could not boast of much geometrical precision. The Englishman appeared overjoyed, thanked him again and again, and then disappeared in the crowd.

A balmy night, cradled with golden dreams, succeeded to this happy evening, and the poor exile, usually so gloomy and so silent, rose the next morning at break of day, refreshed and almost sprightly. He desired his old housekeeper, who was surprised to see him up before her, to have breakfast ready on his return, and to make preparations for a dinner worthy the illustrious guests whom he expected.

"What, sir, are you going out, and so early?" said the old woman, seeing that her master had taken his hat and cane.

"Yes, mother Rebecca," replied David, smiling, and opening the outer gate, "I have given myself permission to go out and walk all alone, like a man."

"But it is hardly daylight yet; all the shops are shut."

"I am not thinking of making purchases."

"But where in the name of goodness can you be going at this hour? that is what I want to know."

"Eh! the devil!" replied the irritable painter, "cannot you guess, you silly old woman, that I am going to the Flanders gate, to meet my comrade, Girodet?"

"Oh! that is quite another affair; but are you quite sure that he will come in at that gate? and did he tell you the precise hour at which he was to arrive?"

"What the deuce does it matter? supposing even I should have to walk an hour or so upon the road; it will amuse me, it will give me exercise; Doctor Franchomme particularly recommended exercise; you had better be off too, and mind that the roast meat is not burnt." And saying this, the old Conventionalist marched out of the gate of his solitary habitation, striking the pavement with his long cane, as though he had for once exerted his authority, and laughing, in his sleeve, at the curious face of his old servant, who gazed at him in perfect astonishment.

The old man strode on with a firm step, his lungs inhaling copiously the clear, bracing morning air; he felt gay, buoyant, happy. He was about to meet a beloved friend from whom he had long been separated. But his eagerness for this happy meeting had brought him out two hours too soon, and in his hurry he had forgotten his pipe, that faithful companion of his labors and his exile. When a man is alone and lounging listlessly along, and above all, waiting for any one, he avails himself of even the most trifling incident to kill time. A flower-pot in a window, a magpie in a cage, an insect that flies near him, the most trivial circumstance is gladly seized upon to occupy the moment. Our wanderer had the great good fortune to espy an *out-door* Artist, undoubtedly more a glazier than a painter, who, mounted on a ladder, was flourishing his brush with as much dignity and enthusiasm as the great artist, Gros, when

putting the finishing stroke to the admirable cupola of St. Genevieve.

The portrayer of Napoleon twice walked past the sign-post dauber, giving sly looks at his operations, and admiring the intrepidity with which he was plastering indigo upon the back ground of his landscape, to give it the appearance of a sky. Above the sign, which was almost finished, was inscribed in large letters,—“The Break of Day,” a precaution fully as necessary to indicate the meaning of the painter, as the words “Flemish and Dutch Beer”—were to make known the business of the master of the house.

“There,” soliloquised the French artist, “is an honest Vanderdaub who has as much notion of perspective as a cart horse, and who, I have no doubt, imagines that his talent is equal to that of Rubens himself. He brushes away at his signboard as though he were brushing a pair of boots. David again passed before the ladder—another coat of indigo was being laid on—this was beyond all bearing—he could no longer restrain from crying out as he walked on, but without looking at the culprit, “*There is too much blue!*”

“Eh! what’s that?” said the sign painter. But he who had taken the liberty to venture this criticism was already at some distance. Twice again, did the friend of Girodet pass and repass before the “Break of Day,” and each time repeated the same exclamation, “*There is too much blue!*” The astonished plasterer turned round, shrugged his shoulders with contempt, asking himself, no doubt, what right this man had to meddle with his painting. A fourth time the unknown loiterer passed by, and uttered his unceasing chorus, “*There is too much blue!*” The red blood mounted to the face of the Brussels Wouvermans.

“It appears, sir, that you cannot comprehend that I am painting a sky,” said he, in that tone of apparent moderation which a man assumes when he is beginning to feel angry and wishes to conceal it. He had just before descended from

the ladder, and had posted himself at some distance on the opposite side of the road, shutting one eye and shading the other with his pallet, the better to observe the effect of his picture. He was complacently admiring this effort of his genius, and the provoking exclamation fell more harshly than ever upon his ear, for it disturbed his enraptured contemplation.

“Egad!” exclaimed the pitiless censor, I have no doubt that you intend to paint a sky, all that I say is, *there is too much blue!*”

“And pray, Mr. Amateur, did you ever see a sky painted without blue?”

“I am not at all an amateur; I merely made a passing remark for your information, and I repeat it—*there is too much blue*, that’s all. But do as you like, and should you think there is not enough, lay it on thicker still.”

“You are a most singular individual; I tell you again that it is a sky, a pure sky, a sky without a single cloud, which is to represent the break of day.”

“The very reason that it should be coal black! You must be joking, my dear fellow, to paint it blue? You must have lost your senses.”

“By St. Gudule, but this is too much!” cried the exasperated dauber; “you are an obstinate old fool, and an ignoramus to boot, as to painting. I should like to see you do it without blue.”

“I do not say that painting skies is my forte, but if I had any thing to do with it, there should be no blue in it.”

“Really! well, that would be pretty!”

“At all events it would look like something!”

“You mean to insinuate, then, that my painting looks like nothing?”

“Faith, pretty nearly so; it looks like—like a bad alehouse screen,—a bit of stained paper,—a dish of spinage—or anything you please!”

“A screen! a dish of spinage!” screamed the Brabant artist, in a furious rage, “and this to me!—me, the pupil of Ruisdael—me, the seventeenth cousin of Ge-

rard Dow ! Do you pretend to know more than I do in my own profession ?—a profession which I have honorably practised in Antwerp, in Louvain, in Liege ! A dish of spinage !” The fury of the insulted painter increased so fearfully that he seized the critic by the arm, and, shaking him violently, added, “ Do you not know, old dotard, that I am a man of long established reputation ?—that I have a Red Horse at Mechlin, a White Hart at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix la Chapelle, all of which are the admiration of travellers ?”

“ Miscreant !” exclaimed David, losing all patience, and, snatching the pallet out of the botcher’s hands, “ give me that ; you deserve that I should paint your chucklehead in the very centre of that miserable daub, with a pair of asses ears,” and, carried away by his indignation, he got up the ladder, and defaced with the palm of his hand the whole of this masterpiece of the poor Fleming, who remained below in stupified amazement.

“ Stop ! stop ! you old madman ! you old wretch !” at length cried the unfortunate artist, pale with terror, “ a superb sign ! a picture worth thirty-five francs ! I am lost ! I am ruined !” and he shook the ladder to make his barbarous sacrificer come down. But the latter, caring nothing either for the cries of his victim, or the presence of fifty neighbors, who had rushed from their houses on hearing the noise, continued, most pitilessly, to rub out the “ Break of Day,” jumbling together heaven and earth, the sun and the trees, houses and men in one inextricable mass. And then, not less prompt to restore than to destroy, and using only the end of his finger, or the handle of a brush, the new out-door artist in a few minutes sketched out a greyish sky and three jolly beer drinkers, glass in hand, toasting the break of day, one of whom was a caricature of the sign painter himself, recognisable by his thick eyebrows and his truffle-shaped nose.

The neighbors, who were at first inclined to side with the poor botcher, their

own countryman, rather than with a stranger, advanced to his assistance ; but they halted at the foot of the ladder, for they observed that the chaos of colors was beginning to assume some shape, and they could not restrain a murmur of approbation. The master of the house hearing the riot, had joined the crowd. He was the first to call out bravo, and to suspect that this new out-door artist was at least as good a painter as his predecessor. The rage of the seventeenth cousin of Gerard Dow suddenly abated—his fury, by degrees, was turned to admiration.

“ Ho, ho !” cried he, “ you are one of the profession ; confess, my dear fellow, that you are one of us. Yes, yes,” he continued laughingly to some friends who were near him, “ he is either a French or a Dutch sign painter ; but I am candid ; he really has talent, and I acknowledge him my master.”

The painter of the “ Oath of the Horatii,” having recovered from his fever, was about descending the ladder, amidst the applause of the spectators, when a gentleman, on a fine English horse, thinking he recognised the great artist perched upon so singular a pedestal, rode in amongst the crowd, at the risk of trampling down some of the good Flemings.

“ That picture is mine !” ejaculated he enthusiastically, “ I take it. I will buy it. If necessary I will cover it with guineas !”

“ How ?” said the Brabant painter, in perfect amazement.

“ What is it you mean to say ?” said the Dutch Brewer.

“ I say that I will give any money you may ask for that sign,” rejoined the stranger, who had nimbly dismounted from his horse, and whom David immediately recognised as the young Englishman, who, at the theatre the night before, had asked him to draw a line in his pocket book.

“ This picture is not for sale, young man,” said the dauber, with almost as much paternal pride as if it had been his own offspring.

"No," said the innkeeper, "for it is sold and even partly paid for beforehand. But if you sir, think it will suit you, it is with me that you must bargain for it."

"No such thing, no such thing," bawled the sign painter, pushing back the crowd, "my worthy brother painter kindly wished to give me a helping hand; the sign is therefore my legal property, and I am at liberty to sell it to whom I please."

"This is a robbery, a complete swindle," exclaimed the master of the house; "my 'Break of Day' is my property, it is nailed against my wall, and I alone have the right to dispose of it, should I think fit to do so."

"I will have you up before the justice of peace, you old rascal," vociferated he, who had not painted the picture.

"I will bring an action against you for a fraud" said the man who paid half down.

"Hulloh! Hulloh!" cried David, in a voice of thunder; who had not yet in any way interfered in the dispute, so much was he amazed and annoyed at the turn which the affair had taken; "it appears to me that I have something to say in this matter, and that at all events I ought to be consulted."

"Perfectly right, perfectly right, dear brother of the brush," said the painter, "but it is not fitting that we should be disputing in this way, in the open streets; let us go into master Martzer's, and come to an amicable understanding over a jug of beer." David allowed himself to be dragged into the public house; glad to escape from the gaze of the multitude, which still kept on increasing every moment. The quarrel inside the house was carried on with as much earnestness as before, the innkeeper and the sign painter each insisting upon their exclusive right to the disputed painting, and the Englishman offering with super British generosity to pay down its weight in gold.

"Confusion!—silence, I say! Supposing I should say that I will not allow it to be sold at all?" impatiently ejaculated the real painter of the picture, whose choler was visibly augmenting.

"Oh! my dear sir," said the tavern keeper, "you would not surely deprive a poor man, who has hard work to make both ends meet, of such an opportunity to make a little money; it would come very seasonably, and would enable me to lay in my stock of Faro and Louvain beer."

"Do not believe a word he says, brother," exclaimed the sign painter, "he is an old skin flint, who pretends that he is poor, while he has more crown pieces than either you or I; I am the father of a family, and as a brother in the art, you ought to give me the preference. Besides, we can divide the money my lord so generously offers; that would be only right."

"Hold your nonsense," rejoined master Martzer, "you are a buccaneer, a spendthrift, and cannot give a farthing to your daughter, because her dowry has all gone down your most rapacious maw."

"He lies in his heretical throat" replied the brother artist of David; "my Lubette is betrothed to a young French mechanic, a cabinet maker, an excellent workman, who is to marry her, poor as she may be, at Michaelmas."

"A daughter to be married! a good French mechanic!" suddenly exclaimed the great French master, "by Correggio! this changes the affair entirely. I consent to give up all my right and title to the three jolly toppers, as a marriage portion to the young couple, and I leave it to the generosity of my lord to fix his own price upon the picture."

"You are right, most illustrious master," said the young Englishman, "you have decided equitably, Solomon himself could not have judged more fairly. As to myself I most gladly consent to the bargain. I have offered one hundred guineas for the sketch, as it is, and I will make them two hundred providing the painter will consent to affix his signature and, write under it only the two little words 'Pierre David.' The Baron of the Empire smiled; this was consenting fully to the terms, but his name had been pronounced he was recognized.

The discovery was welcomed by a shout



of surprise and joy ; the revered and glorious name was enthusiastically re-echoed from mouth to mouth.

"What," cried the poor sign painter, "David ! you are Monsieur David, the great French painter ? Oh ! my master, my most illustrious ! I implore you to forgive me for having dared to call you my colleague. I am a mere beggar,—a poor wretch ; say that you will forgive me !" and the poor man, tears standing in his eyes, took off his hat, and would have gone upon his knees, had not David prevented him by taking his hand and shaking it with most republican fraternity. The tavern was completely thronged—the whole company rose instantaneously and with transport cheered the veteran, with repeated shouts of "Vive David !" They then pressed round him, disputing who should first have the honor to drink with him. The good old man, moved and softened by this triumph, could not refuse to take his share of a jug of Lambic with them, and then the vivas and hurrahs of joy were redoubled.

To conclude this scene completely in the Teniers manner, Lubette the pretty daughter of the out-door artist, having been told by the neighbours that a sign had been painted which would hasten her marriage, and give her a dowry of two hundred guineas, rushed into the tavern. She, without ceremony, threw her arms round the neck of her benefactor. David

received her with open arms, remarking that it was very natural he should kiss the bride.

At this moment, three strangers, who from their appearance might be considered wealthy citizens, anxiously pushed through the throng assembled in the smoky "Break of Day." They were the tax collector, Mr. Lesec, Talma and Girodet. The latter had arrived in Brussels about an hour before, but not finding his friend David at his house, where he was joined by the Tragedian and the collector ; and David's servant, having informed them of his sudden disappearance in the morning, and fearing that some accident had happened, they had set out together in search of him, and were at last directed by public rumor to "the Break of Day."

"Praise be to Apollo !" said Talma on perceiving the great painter in the midst of a group of beer drinkers, glass in hand "nothing serious has happened to him."

"God pardon me !" added the collector, "the dear baron is kissing the pretty girls ; it was no evil inspiration that made him get up so early this morning !"

"Bravo ! bravo ! my old comrade," shouted the painter of Atala running to David with open arms : "you are changing both your style and your school. Bravo ! master, there is no harm in finishing where Rembrandt began ; but i'faith ! I never suspected that you would paint Flemish pictures."

personal violence, and yet not leave it in their power to injure the common cause, either by communicating intelligence to the enemy, or by fabricating reports to damp or chill the public spirit. But above all, they should not be permitted to hold any kind of public employment at this crisis. The effect that would have on the multitude would be inconceivable. The general, I trust, will not be led to make any partial distribution of commissions to any particular set of men, so as to cause jealousy among the rest; though only weak minds could feel any in so great a cause. Yet, even this has ruined Ireland in a former period. The natives, I conceive, should be trained in skirmishes, or marched to different places, before they engage in a general action. Habit produces courage, or insensibility of danger, which produces the same effect. Suppose an attack upon Sligo, if the general thinks the army could be divided with safety. Then they would be received by thousands of enthusiasts (Carmelites), and the habit and pride of conquest would recruit their courage, and the army might easily prevent their being attacked from Athlone. The example the yeomanry shew, and the conduct of the cavalry in the engagement at Castlebar proves how dangerous it is to trust, on horseback, any but experienced soldiers. Many, seized by an impulse, sometimes irresistible, run on horseback, who would fight well on foot. The courage of one often communicates itself to others; but fear is epidemic: the flight of one often brings on that of a whole regiment. The soldiers should be invited to come over to you with warmth, but trusted with caution. Of the yeomanry who join, the fidelity is unquestionable: they all like the cause. But above all, my friend, your men should be roused, animated, encouraged; they should be told they fight for their God, their country, and themselves. The principle of the partition of lands among them should be inculcated, and, I think, by the French general; this would be speaking at once to their feelings and their understanding. This doctrine, once properly instilled, would shake the old government to its centre; it would communicate through the kingdom, like an electric spark; it would spread dismay and distrust through the ranks of our enemies, and may cause such desertion among the military, particularly the militia, that the government may fall without a struggle—may die without a blow. The expectations of our friends, the fears of our enemies, are realised, by the victory at Castlebar; the character of the French soldiers, the talents of their commander, are established by it. By suspected persons, I mean those favoured by the old government, and those against whom the public indignation is directed. I remain, with the warmest wishes for the delivery of Ireland, your assured friend,

E G

“ ‘ To Citizen Gannon,

“ ‘ To be handed to Commissary Major Roche,

● “ ‘ Castlebar.’

“ ‘ If the foregoing be genuine, and not a letter made for an imaginary writer, it implies much; and, in fact, renders it manifest, that had the French interest in Ireland been supported by many such as E. Garvey, and had the number of foreign troops landed been at all formidable (they amounted to less than fourteen hundred), Ireland would have been separated from Great Britain—perhaps for ever.

“ ‘ The officer who commanded the artillery, and defended Castlebar as long as he could, told me,—and he was an old experienced soldier,—that no troops could possibly behave better than the French did when they attacked him. They were obliged, he observed, to advance in column, of which formation he took advantage, and by his fire made a lane through it from front to rear, killing many. But before he could fire again, the French, with great skill, dispersed themselves to the right and left, so that his next shot did comparatively no mischief. And then, surrounded by the enemy, and deserted by two regiments which should have supported him, he was obliged to surrender himself, his guns, and such of his artillerymen as survived. A circumstance took place at this attack on the town, too much to the credit of the brave men concerned not to deserve commemoration. During the night of the 26th, six Highland soldiers, of the regiment called Fraser’s Fencibles, who were posted outside the threatened suburb, were ordered to send notice to the commandant within of the first approach of the invading force, but had no orders to withdraw. Each of these heroic fellows accordingly remained fixed as a statue, and died precisely on the spot assigned to him. I saw, with strong emotion, the ground where these true soldiers fell, like Spartans of old, and copied the following inscription from an engraved stone of large dimensions, inserted in the wall of the church of Castlebar, by their colonel and fellow countryman —

ERECTED  
TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
JAMES BEATY,  
ANGUS McDONALD,  
GEORGE MUNRO,  
DONALD URQUHART,  
WILLIAM ROSS,  
AND  
DOUGALD CAMERON,  
PRIVATE OF THE FRASER HIGHLANDERS,  
WHO WERE KILLED IN  
THE ACTION AT CASTLEBAR  
WITH THE FRENCH INVADERS,  
ON THE 27TH OF AUGUST, 1798  
AS A SMALL TRIBUTE TO THEIR  
GALLANT CONDUCT  
AND  
HONOURABLE DEATH,  
BY  
COLONEL SIMON FRASER,  
OF  
LOVAT,  
WHO COMMANDED THE DETACHMENT  
OF THE REGIMENT ON THAT DAY.”

## THE PARLOUR WINDOW :

*Or, Anecdotes, Original remarks on Books, &c* By the Rev. Edward Mangin, author of “Pleasures arising from a Love of Books” 12mo pp 179 London, 1841. Lumley.

If the author is a bookworm, it is well that he should worm something worth repeating out of books. He has done so in this little miscellany, which has some pleasing parts, though the extreme Romanism of the author rather leads him into ferocious language and ultra opinions. What will Protestant or impartial readers think of this criticism on Shakspeare?—

“ ‘ The historians of Henry VII’s day destroyed nearly all the records of Richard, in order to cultivate the good-will of their master; and the more to flatter the reigning sovereign, represented his opponent as crooked, wicked, tyrannical, &c. And Shakspeare, like a fawning poet, follows in the cry, that he might please that old, capricious, bloody, and gross-minded coquette, Queen Elizabeth; and indirectly compliment her father, Henry VIII, whose illegitimate daughter she was; and who was himself the most execrable scoundrel that ever sat upon a throne. We know their deeds! There cannot be a doubt that Richard was, in some points, basely calumniated.”

A piece of the great Irish rebellion of 1798 may be read with instruction at this time. Mr. M. seems to have known a good deal about it. After the defeat of the French and rebels by General Lake, he states —

“ ‘ Several leaders of the insurgents were made prisoners, and hung to the limb of a tree, in the course of the forenoon. Among them were two gentlemen, a Mr. O’Dowd, and Mr. George Blake, called Blake of Garracune. With the last named I had been acquainted in Galway. Just before he suffered, he expressed a desire to speak to me, and gave me a message for a member of his family, to whom he commissioned me to relate his dismal end. I found him guarded by soldiers; he was without a hat, and, in his endeavours to escape, had divested himself of his coat and boots. He was bleeding from a sabre-cut in one hand, and appeared exhausted, but not dismayed; conversed almost cheerfully about several individuals whom we had mutually known, and, bidding me farewell, turned from me, walking steadily to the adjoining place of execution, and I saw him no more. Seven or eight others were put to death with him; and it was reported, with what truth I cannot say, that the sufferers being crowded as they were ranged under the fatal tree, Blake, assuming a military attitude, looked along the line, and cried, “ ‘ Ease off to the right,” and by and by said, addressing the officer on duty, “ ‘ Sir, my uncle, observing that I was a wild lad, used to say, “ ‘ George, unless you mend, you will one day die like a trooper’s horse, with your shoes on,” but (shewing that he was in his stocking-feet) you see my uncle was mistaken.” Just previously to suffering, he carefully rubbed the deadly cord with a piece of soap which he had about him. He was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, a tall, well-made man, with a clear skin, large blue eyes, fair hair, a long, hooked nose, and very short upper lip. He was of a good family in the county of Mayo, and had served in the West Indies, and been a subaltern in a dragoon regiment, but left the army on account of some duelling affair, in which it was said he was disreputably concerned. Among his brother-chieftains who escaped from the field, there was one Macdonald, a quondam barrister, whose great-coat was found, and in the pocket of it was discovered a letter, which I here transcribe from a copy sent to me soon after. It is so far curious that it shews something of system on the part of the insurgents, and no small share of military talent and general ability in the writer, a Mr. Edward Garvey, who, being a prisoner, and sentenced to death, was stated to have been saved from execution by some unknown influence exerted in his favour —

“ ‘ My dear Sir.—Amid the hurry of business, in which, from your present situation, you are involved, and which, I have no doubt, you will conduct with fidelity and honour, you will forgive my taking up your time by communicating my thoughts to you, and, through you, to the French general, at this important period. He is arrived at a moment the most fortunate, when the government, as if excited by some supernatural impulse to accelerate their own destruction, after creating animosity among the people, armed a part to massacre the rest, and proclaimed a religious war. This religious prejudice policy requires should be fed; in many requires it should not be admitted to go the length of taking away lives. In every town, the general should, in my mind, place the suspected persons in such a state as to be perfectly secure from

## THE PIC-NIC.

### CHAPTER SECOND.

#### THE STRIPES' RIDE IN A CAB.

'Sunt quos curriculo.'

DICK was by habit and principle a peripatetic. He hated all kinds of vehicles, and notably the new cabs. He hated rail-roads also, and sat railing at them, looking out at one window, and his wife at the other, upon the retreating Broad-street. 'The poetry of travelling,' said he, 'is gone. Domesticity is gone. Our people, restless enough already, are now totally unsettled; as erratic as the Arabs. The adventure too of travelling is reduced to the simple bursting of a boiler. Steam has set its foot upon pastoral life as effectually as gun-powder upon chivalry.' He wondered if the world would grow happier by all these facilities—going to Boston in two days instead of two weeks; and then he wondered if hens were happier since they have found out the way of hatching chickens by steain; when bob went his head against the side of the cab, and rebounded by a violent repercussion against Mrs. Stripe's bump of combativeness. The window was fractured, the lady's bonnet smashed, and her temper ruffled. A rude push from his fair moiety followed, and a storm of reproaches; to all which Dick submitted patiently, saying nothing of the bit of glass that stuck into his *os sincipitis*.

There is no keeping down the ascendancy of the petticoats. Solomon, as great a clerk as any of us about women, has said as much. Indeed I have never read or heard of any one married man, whatever his pretensions to independence, who was not in some way or other subject to this sway; unless perhaps Adam, and he only before the fall. I am aware that Peter Martyr and St. Christopher hold different opinions on this point; but the latter seems to me to be in the right, who saith that Eve, being formed of her husband's uppermost rib, commenced in some sort her authority before she was born. What signify the salique laws? In France, where they exist in greatest rigor, woman's authority is supreme. What signify any human laws? She rules by divine right.

Nor does the sceptre of this gynocratic empire extend only upon husbands. States are as subject to it as individuals; even our republic, which is as hen-pecked as any of the old countries of Europe. Happily!—for what has thrown upon the sternness of our republicanism so many of the gentle graces of life; what but woman has reclaimed this country itself from the barbarism of its aboriginal inhabitants; planted these sumptuous dwellings upon a spot where but a century and a half ago the panther screamed and the wolf suckled her whelps, and covered with superb navies this lordly river, that a little beyond the life of one of our transitory species rolled its tide through the lone and silent wilderness? America! thou bright occidental star, now rivalling with the radiance of thy name the splendor of the ancient world, but for a woman\* thou hadst yet slept in the great repository of things unknown upon the earth!

I do not repine. There is as much pleasure in obedience as command. I love a wife who governs. I mean with somewhat a limited monarchy, like that spoken of by Juliet, who would let her husband 'hop a little from her hand,' and then with a silken thread pull him back again. However, Mrs. Stripe was so beautiful that even her tyranny was agreeable. There was a *je ne sais quoi* about her that so fascinated Dick—something like that charm which snakes exercise upon toads—that he would sit and gaze upon the smooth alabaster and rich mantling red of her complexion, for the live-long day, and not even conceive a wish to get his feet loose from the connubial trap in which he had been caught; and she had by degrees gained such a mastery over his meek and uxorious disposition, that he now obeyed her almost instinctively. He did indeed once—it was in a fit of excessive impatience—kick Mrs. Stripe's slippers, which lay on the floor, she not being present; but his conscience smiting him, he took them up after a little while and laid them side by side of each other in a corner.

It is at least two miles from Broad-street and Chestnut to Fair Mount. To relieve a little the tedium of the ride, I will relate to you, gentle reader, by what accidents Mr. and Mrs. Stripe, in whom by this time you must have felt some interest, were joined in holy wedlock. I knew Mr. Stripe well, being of the same county, and therefore

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\* Isabella.

qualified in this respect to be his biographer. We used to eat together out of the same dish, love the same girl, and were whipped together at the same school; our noses were frosted together; we often ran to get ahead of the moon, and against the wind, trying to spit in our own faces. It is perhaps known to most of my readers that some years ago General Jackson made a tour to the eastern states of this great republic, and that on his way thither he fell in with Philadelphia, into which city he made a *grand entrée*. I remember the very time. It was of a summer's morning—I forget the year. We went out, five hundred in a squad, to meet him upon the Delaware; and as he passed by, smoking his pipe, seated on a chair with one leg mounted upon the knee of the other, we crowded to the margin of the steam-boat for a nearer view: the boat tilted, and the water came upon deck; we rushed to the other side, and the boat tilted again; and we kept running and screaming from one side to the other, to the imminent hazard of our lives, till at length our captain, a man grave by his piety, and ripe in age and experience, stood upon the middle of the deck, and said: 'D—n your souls! if you don't stop in the middle of the boat you will be drowned, every devil of you!' And then seizing the younger population by the petticoats, he compelled them to stand. General Jackson took the pipe out of his mouth, and the equilibrium was restored. I have established it as a rule of prudence ever since this occurrence, that in emergencies we should avoid extremes; and that safety is somewhere about the middle.

The General landed at the navy-yard, and bestriding a mettlesome steed in waiting, proceeded onward, with the city at his heels. He had a commanding brow, a lank Kentucky face; and his hair, white and stiff, stood bristled upward like ramrods. The horse too was gray, 'but not with age,' and he pranced, and reared, and bounded sometimes; but the General stuck to him as if a part of the same animal. He rode bare-head, bowing incontinently, now on this side, now on that; the multitude pouring around him like the noise of many waters, and greeting him with shouts—inextinguishable shouts, which I despair of making any one accustomed only to the ordinary noise comprehend. Some of you may perhaps have heard Wellington's musketry on the 'Day of Waterloo,' on Hyde Park, and can conceive ten thousand explosions concentrated into one general and uninterrupted crack, an hour long. Several birds which flew over are reported on this occasion to have fallen down dead. The newspapers had announced this *grand entrée* two weeks before, and invited us to turn out and be overjoyed; and we were overjoyed, just as the newspapers had predicted.

It is perhaps also known to my readers that congress once voted us to be 'the most enlightened people upon the earth;' and so we are. We do n't go quite so high up as some of the old countries into the transcendant branches: but as for all that learning most necessary to life, such as religion and morals, and political economy, and the whole science of politics, and also arithmetic, it is universally diffused among this people; above all, in Pennsylvania—excepting about two-thirds of them, who 'can't read only but Dutch.' Now it is not to be wondered at that some rays of this universal illumination should have penetrated

the obscurity of the Tuscarora Mountain; where, scutching flax, hoeing potatoes and planting cabbages, lived old Mrs. Stripe.

One Saturday evening, as Dick sat reading the 'Pennsylvanian,' (for it goes every where,) the advertisement above alluded to fell under his notice; and as he read it over, a thought like inspiration struck old Mrs. Stripe; and what do you think it was? It was to 'send Dick down to Pheladelphia to see the world and General Jackson.' 'The truth is, she suspected Dick, in addition to his other merits, of being very brave, and secretly hoped he might one day perhaps be made a general himself; and there was no knowing how soon the republic might have need of his services. We had to be sure more than we wanted of territory, yet she knew that was no reason for not quarrelling about boundaries. Beside, she foresaw that we might take up some British subject, too big a coward to kill any one, and hang him for a murderer. We were a very spirited nation, she said, and a very slight puff would blow open the temple of Janus. Not that Dick had ever shown any great stomach for fighting himself, but he had had a great-grandfather, of the maternal branch, who had been killed at Quebec, with Montgomery; a man of such extraordinary bravery that he not only made great havoc of the English while living, but actually ran about fighting for a minute or two after he had been shot fourteen times through the heart. (See Sparks's Revolution.)

It was resolved therefore that Dick should set out; and the old gentleman brought forth a leathern bag containing, in f'ppeney bits, about fifty dollars, which had been accumulating for a series of years, and handed it over to Mrs. Stripe to defray the expenses of the journey; with indeed some reluctance, for he had destined it, after reaching the necessary amount, to the purchase of a horse; but his philosophy was, not to allow the slightest opposition to his better half; and they had discussed the matter together. Man and wife, he said, were a couple of instruments designed to play together, and should be tuned to the same key; vessels bound on the same voyage, and should sail on the same tack. A man, he said proverbially, who would have a mule without fault, should not keep any; and he must sail obliquely who would overcome a torrent. It was by these observances that, beside furnishing a wholesome example to his son Dick, he had avoided all those matrimonial broils which so often imbitter life in the purest fountain of human felicity.

We contemplate with very different feelings a journey at a remote time and at the hour of separation from the domestic ties. 'The sad day arrived, and Richard bade his friends and sweethearts farewell; and last of all, mingling his tears with theirs, took leave of his affectionate parents. Alas, human improvidence! Little did they know, as they pressed their darling boy to their bosoms, that it was a separation for eternity! Little did the fond mother think, that for the last time she felt the warm pressure of his lips; and the poor father, as he gave way to the holy feelings of parental affection, and stretched his eyes after the retiring vehicle, that he had caught his last earthly glimpse of Richard Stripe!

Rivulets and refreshing shades; loves and gambols of the village,

farewell ! The hills of Tuscarora, the Blacklog and Blue mountain receded from the view, and became gradually level with the plain ; and Richard, on the second evening after his departure, was set down, as if by enchantment, in Philadelphia—the city being all bustle and parade of preparation for the ensuing magnificent fête — without any more memorable occurrence than mistaking the Susquehanna for the ocean, an upset in the stage under side of four ladies, trunks and other baggage, and finally being awakened at Lancaster by the watchman's cry of ' *Twelve o'clock !* ' which he mistook for some dreadful alarm ; sitting in consequence upon the bed-side the long night, after hurrying on his clothes, ruminating upon what noise had thus robbed him of his sleep and so defamed music of its harmony. He had heard the panther scream and the wolves howl upon the Alleghany, but sounds such as these had not yet pierced his ears. Sleep therefore fled his eye-lids, and a thousand apparitions haunted his brain till morning.

Richard, as I said, was set down from the stage in Market-street, and by the guidance of a fellow traveller lodged for the first night at the widow Snap's boarding-house, Sansom-street, one of the prettiest retirements of the city. It is perhaps known to most of my readers that to the lower chambers upon the south side of this street is commodiously appended a wide piazza-roof, extending to the extremity of the row or square. The air was hot ; and our stranger, used to inhale the fresh mountain breeze, feeling something like suffocation, threw wide the windows, and admitted the still hotter atmosphere of the city ; then prostrating himself upon his bed, snored loudly toward heaven. But on his desolate home that night no god of sleep poured the oblivious balm. Retiring to rest, Mrs. Stripe heard a mournful shriek, like the wailings of a troubled spirit ; a screech-owl hooted from a neighboring tree ; the watch-dog howled melancholy ; and the night winds sighed along the hollow shores of the Juniata. Now hardly had the night clomb half way in the heavens, when one of those ordinary members of a civilized community vulgarly called a thief mounted upon the roof, and directing the ' noiseless tenor of his way ' to Dick's chamber, removed, in the way of his business, the whole of Richard's apparel, partly from his trunk and partly from the back of a chair in the proximity of the windows, while the owner slept, ' unconscious of the theft.' His whole wardrobe was actually stolen, not excepting that department of it which lay nearest his heart ; for to look spruce next morning at the General's *entrée*, he had taken the precaution to sleep without his shirt.

As soon as the bright day had poured its light upon his eye-lids, he arose, full of life and animation. But judge of the alarm that was gradually communicated to his feelings on learning the extent of his misfortunes ; that his fine ruffled-shirt, cotton hose, new pantaloons, shoes, trunk—in fine the whole stock of his habiliments—were missing ; and imagine how he paced the floor of his chamber in agony, looking earnestly through the window to catch a glance of the thief ; then recoiling from the prying eyes of Hetty and Kitty, laughing aloud from the opposite garret of Walnut-street at his distresses ! For two whole hours he remained in this state of nakedness and discomfort, a prey to the most melancholy reflections ; one while devising expedients

of escape, and then bursting out into bitter lamentations; and finally, smothering his face in his pillow, he relieved himself with a flood of tears.

A gentle rap was at length heard at the door. It was Mrs. Snap, who hailed him with the usual salutation of 'Breakfast!' Richard arose and advanced cautiously toward the door, where standing with introverted knees and pendant arms, he explained through the key-hole as well as he could the condition of his affairs, in a tremulous and inarticulate voice, often smothered by his feelings beyond the power of utterance. To add to the infelicity of his situation there was not in the house any male servant to act as ambassador between the two parties; and it was not till after long hesitation that he yielded to the entreaties, and finally the orders, of his landlady to open the door; and no sooner had the key turned upon its grooves than he was again buried in his downy refuge, with not less precipitation than one of those frightened Greeks who returned into the belly of the Trojan horse; and the lady entered.

I pass over in silence this interview; remarking only a similar situation described by Homer, of Ulysses and the fair princess Nausica, to which the readers of this Magazine are respectfully referred. Dick's leathern purse, containing about fifty dollars, having been the preceding evening laid with his watch upon a table, both these articles had escaped the furious grasp of his nocturnal visiter. It was therefore agreed that a suit ready made should be procured; which by the assiduity of his hostess was accomplished forthwith; and Richard, to his own astonishment, was presented to the company in the parlor, in less than fifty minutes from that time, braced in the panoply of a man; a celerity of execution of which the experience of his native village could have furnished him with no example.

The attention and sympathy of the guests, especially of the ladies, who had been apprised of his misfortunes, were now turned upon him, and the success of his *début* at the breakfast-table was complete. The rich blood, from the agitation of the morning, glowed in his cheek with more than usual ruddiness; and the rustic honesty and candor of his disposition stood out in bright relief upon his countenance, as they were graven there by the hand of their great Author; and that which was not least in the appurtenance of good looks was the suitability of his new dress. It was contrived to set his person off to the greatest advantage, and cut in the latest fashion by the French tailor Scipio, Second-street; an individual who has conferred more merit upon various members of this community than any nine men in it of any other profession; and who for the excellent breeches he has cut out is as much entitled to the appellation of the 'Great Scipio' as his name-sake of antiquity for cutting men's throats. All pitied the young villager — all admired him; but especially the devoted Mrs. Snap:

'Explora montem nequit, ardescitque tuendo.'

She presented herself in her most magnificent attire, as his escort into the city, conducting him through all the mazes of the procession by day and the illumination by night: at all which his eyes were dazzled, his ears ravished, and all his fine senses feasted with delight.



But the love of Mrs. Snap was in the mean time kindled into an inextinguishable flame; and day after day passed away without respite to her passion. She would begin often to speak, and the unfinished sentence expired upon her tongue. Often, her market-basket on her arm, she would wander frantic through the city, forgetting that the hour of dinner was past; as the wounded deer wanders through the vast forest, the deadly arrow of the huntsman still clinging to its side. As Dick related his youthful achievements—how he arrested the sly trout with the spear, or pursued the rabbit to its hollow tree—she would hang upon his lips, and wish that Heaven had made her such a—hunter of rabbits. And when Night had thrown its mantle on the Day, she would sit either alone in her chamber, or press her solitary pillow. Then she seemed to herself to go unaccompanied upon a long journey, or to be abandoned upon a desert island. Thus the reputation of her house was neglected; the cat sipped the cream, and the beef-steak took fire upon the gridiron.

There was a merry fellow who supped at Plato's three thousand years ago; and the conversation turning upon love and choice of wives, he said: 'He had learnt from a very ancient tradition that men had been originally created male and female; each individual being provided with a duplicate set of limbs, and performing his locomotive functions with a kind of rotatory movement, as a wheel; that he became in consequence so excessively insolent that Jupiter, indignant, split him in two; and since that time that each half runs about the world in quest of its other half: if the two congenital halves meet, they are a very loving couple; otherwise they are subject to a miserable, scolding, peevish, and uncongenial matrimony. The search he said was rendered difficult, for the reason that one man alighting upon a half that did not belong to him, another did necessarily the same, till the whole affair was thrown into irretrievable confusion.' But here I am moralizing as if the day stood still. All that is necessary for you to know farther, dear reader, is that Richard Stripe, Esq. is irrevocably married to Mrs. Snap; that turning the Latin he had acquired from the village clergyman to account, he kept a school and his wife the house, till his father's decease, which has given him possession of an independent fortune, and leisure for pic-nics and other matrimonial recreations. An episode, saith Aristotle, may be happily used to relieve the monotony of a narrative; but if long, it may retard its progress. I hope you find this the proper length. We return to Mr. and Mrs. Stripe, whom we left pouting in a cab, full tilt toward Fair-Mount.

For a mile or so Mrs. Stripe was gruff and snappish, but relented by degrees. The lively green of spring opening on the view communicated a pleasurable feeling; as they approached the country there was a delicious freshness and healthiness in the air; except in the suburbs it was now and then a little miasmatic. And after all, there is something joyous in the bumping up and down of a cab that disposes to good-humor. It makes little girls giggle; it would have made Mrs. Stripe laugh out, but for her husband's presence. Also he had transferred a bouquet of daisies from his own to Chip's button-hole, picked off a

feather from her frock, and performed other such tender offices as might propitiate her displeasure. Good humor was Mrs. Stripe's best aspect, and she admitted his attentions with a smile, as she alighted amidst the crowd standing about the stairs leading up to the great basin. It threw a new charm upon her features, and gave the lookers-on a favorable presumption of Dick's conjugal felicity.

#### MOUNTING THE STAIRS.

'Whereto the climber upward turns his face.' — SHAKESPEARE.

THE ascent by these stairs is very steep and long, and gives quite a fair chance to a lady going up and down of showing her address — also her ankles; and to encourage innocent little vanities of this kind, a number of amateurs are seen standing underneath and patiently gazing upward, like so many astronomers. The number of the fair who mount daily by these stairs is wonderful; the reason, some think, of calling the place Fair-Mount. (See Osmond's Etymology.) Mrs. Stripe was puzzled. She had a very pretty pair of *papooshes* at home, of muslin, crimped at the extremities; and though used to wear these emblems of domestic authority in common, she had left them off to-day by reason of the heat; and how to get up the stairs in her present untrousered condition! While she stood irresolute, Dick ventured a little Latin: *Fas mihi conspecta loqui*; and he translated it thus: 'My love, Mrs. Trusscot, the Frenchwoman, garters her . . .'

The dark eye-brows of Mrs. Stripe clashed together in a frown that froze Dick into instant silence. He was yet a novice in the genteel world, and knew not how much more chaste ears are than eyes in a refined state of society. For example, he would *talk* of Fanny Elssler's garters over the knee as innocently as other people would *look* at them. But Mrs. Stripe was of better breeding, being brought up in the city. Indeed she was particular in this. She would never allow little Chip, when she found out the etymology of the word, to say *mamma*. The truth is, Mrs. Stripe's ankles (I regret to say it of one so unexceptionable in all other respects) were not of an exhibitive species; therefore the indelicacy of such displays seemed to her the more flagrant. Indeed it was a remark of Dick's, (which he kept to himself,) that those who were running so without scruple up and down the stairs were of very perfect forms, generally speaking; differing it is true in some fundamental points from the genuine English style, but nearer in his conception to the atticism and concinnity of the elegant Greeks, who were his models — *artium exempla*. He had a little plaster image of the Venus Calipygeia, which stood up on the mantel-piece of his study, in open vindication of the American forms against English authority. Mrs. Stripe's resolution was at length taken. Casting therefore upon a youth who stood close by a deprecating look, which made him retrograde three steps, and directing Dick to cover her rear, as far as he could, himself and the basket with little Chip, she ran straight up, knees at

right angles, two steps at a stretch, and stood tip-toe on the utmost round; escaping thus the prying eyes of impudent curiosity.

#### FAIR-MOUNT.

WHEN it has pleased the poetic fancy of men to paint human Happiness, they have placed her usually in a valley. I suspect the nymph to be a native of the mountains. It is a pleasant sight, a city at one's feet; it is pleasant to be above so many of the grovelling species. One breathes a purer air, and feels proud of his nearer intimacy with the angels. Mrs. Stripe stood still in contemplation of the vast and beautiful prospect; the immense city; the lordly Delaware and its navies; the villages of Hamilton and Mantua spread upon the landscape; and the Schuylkill so transparent\* that its top and bottom seemed but one; and beyond, a hundred little hills lying affectionately at the side of each other, and lifting up their faces toward heaven. And Lemon-Hill! . . .

Thou luxury of the rich!—thou resting-place of the disconsolate! Thou art bare and desolate now. Thy shrubs, sweeter than Araby, have withered. Thy old castle stands a bleak solitary tenement, and thy giant oak stretches forth its arms, a leafless skeleton. Alas! thou hast fallen under the *cui-bono* clutches of a joint-stock company, and thy lemons and palmettos under the hammer of the auctioneer! Sweet Lemon-Hill! I knew thee in thy palmy days; in the rosy spring; in the scorching canicule, when sweet-briar, ivy, and honey-suckle crept around thy cottages; in the hazy skies of the Indian-summer, when the sere leaf, loosened from its branch, came slowly fluttering toward the ground! I have brushed the dew of morning from the mullen's velvety leaf; wandered under shelter of the 'Syrian heats' through the cool shades, and from a loop-hole looked out upon the low and skulking city; or sat at eve by the lonely Schuylkill, the murmuring waterfall underneath, while the owl hooted over head, and the wild and wailing whip-poor-will brought on the night. He is fit for any other havoc who with dry eyes could decree this destruction. Nature had not put a grain of ideality into his bumpless occiput. So fare thee well! sweet Lemon Hill! Farewell to thy lakes and silver-fish; to thy woodlands and dimpled hills; to thy

— 'delicati colli  
Chiace aque, ambrose ripe, et pratti molli.'

The Girard College stands proudly on its eminence. The neighboring houses seem to crouch with humility in its presence—itself the ornament of a city. Whoever refuses his admiration, or connives not at the violent breach of trust by which it was reared, alas! he has not visited the Ægean shore nor stood upon the Acropolis. There, where the wretch sits solitary at his penance, the Penitentiary, instead of cowering in shame, rears its head impudently; and the 'House of Refuge,' low skulking in a corner, where perverse youth is hardened or reclaimed, covers its acres. 'The cotted hills rise up toward the west,

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\* When filtered.

and huts and cows and trees seem painted on the opposite sky. Toward the east the easy citizens take the air upon distant roads. Now a coach whirls by, enveloped in its dust; a rider, his horse pushed to the utmost acceleration of his speed, devours the road, or mounted six inches over his saddle, churns the air in his stirrups, trotting melancholy. Church-bells are chiming in the distance, cow-bells are dingling on the commons; a funeral jogs slowly on toward Laurel Hill; and an old horse, worn to his ribs, is turned out to starve by hard-hearted man. All these objects presented themselves successively to the vivid and fresh admiration of Mrs. Stripe.

But Richard, no lover of rural images, mounted a terrace and looked down upon the city. He admired, for want of steeples, the shot-tower, and he admired the chimneys that stood up smoking so sociably at the side of one another; then seeing the ten thousand streets and alleys choked up with human beings, and contemplating their busy and impatient ardor silently; their hastening, crowding, and jostling each other; stretching out his neck, he proclaimed to the utmost extent of his vociferation, making a funnel of his two hands:

— ‘O cives! cives!  
Quærenda pecunia premium et virtus post nummos!’

And little Chip, in the mean time, spiritualized by the lively air and rural liberty, ran about chattering like a *blatherskite*, as they say in the simple Doric of the country; and there was a general flow of good humor. Mrs. Stripe, as she looked around upon the enchanting scenes, felt all the springs of enjoyment opened in her heart—and she felt a little hungry.

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#### THE DINNER.

THE valley intervening between Fair-Mount and Lemon-Hill was soon traversed by the little party; and at the side of a piney thicket which served for a screen, having the dam at her feet and the romantic scenery which skirts the right bank of the river in perspective, down sat Mrs. Stripe on a bed of moss; and the bed of moss seemed joyous at being sat upon by so fair a lady. The basket was now unpacked, and the rich bounties of Ceres spread upon their mother earth: ham, cold eggs, fresh butter, and little loaves almost jumping from the plate with lightness; and under the ministration of Mrs. Stripe's rosy fingers, rosy as Aurora's, the cork leaped from the bottle. To Mrs. Stripe's fancy these were rare and unappreciable delicacies. Her taste was yet undebauched by the adulteries of art, and she lived in blissful ignorance of Monsieur Ude and Jean de Carême. Pity! that sinful, vexatious knowledge should have got into the paradise of woman! She espied suddenly at only ten paces a man reclining in an idyllic attitude upon a rock, with a book, apparently wrapped in his meditations. He was unobserved by any other eyes but the pretty gray eyes of Mrs. Stripe. She thought no more of eating; though women have a capacity for this branch equal to the other sex. ‘What's the matter, my love? You look pale!’ said the husband. And little Chip, who was not yet helped, looked with a kind of canine expression of countenance

upon his mother and then upon the knife which stood still in a rosy and delicate rump of cold mutton. But it was discovered that an essential ingredient of the repast was wanting—and Mrs. Stripe was very dry. (A long pause.)

‘And so you sit there, your two feet in one sock! Why don’t you hasten to the tavern there below, and have some brought?’

And Richard vanished, disappearing round the brow of the hill, in quest of the liquid element for which Mrs. Stripe thirsted; for which cities have surrendered, and kings have been made slaves.

It was a fairy spot. Flora’s prettiest buds were unbuttoned by the Spring. Just overhead a leaf was flirting with a zephyr. A squirrel was sitting on a limb munching a nut. The winds played wantonly with Mrs. Stripe’s tresses, dishevelled her frock of the pure multicaulis, and rippled the surface of the wizard stream; and as the strange gentleman seated himself by her, all the heaven of her beauty was lighted up to a glow. Her bonnet hung upon a branch, and a single curl, loosened from its fastnesses, lay upon the lily of her bosom, rising and sinking, as a light feather upon a billow. The rules of high breeding require a lady always to speak first on such emergencies. It would not be quite civil in a gentleman to be less smothered by his emotions than she. Though words cost Mrs. Stripe no more on common occasions than to the brook its babbling, on this could she not utter a monosyllable. At length, stretching out her hands, she said in a low soft voice, soft as Love’s first whisper, as the breeze on beds of flowers, as the murmurings of the waters when they meet at midnight; she said:

‘What book? . . .’

To which the gentleman, in the same subdued and tremulous accent, replied:

‘Childe Harold!’

Mrs. Stripe then read silently, eyeing occasionally the gentleman, then hummingly:

‘The long file of her dead dogs!’

‘What careless wretches these printers are! A pretty way of spelling *dogs*!’

These English are facetious and clever when set a-going, but it is troublesome to break their ‘confounded ice.’ Mr. Ketchup had now kissed little Chip and stuck a johnny-jump-up in his cap. ‘The sweet little fellow!—so like his mother!’ And the conversation was kindled.

‘What a romantic little wood! I will stroll here often with a book. In just such a spot Myrtilus died of love of the Nine Sisters.’

‘Oh the wretch! He should have been prosecuted for bigamy!’

Here he related to her a pathetic tale, a legend of the place, at which Mrs. Stripe wept, and laid her head upon his shoulder, and Chip wept in sympathy with his mother, and put his head upon the gentleman’s knee. I will perhaps tell it to you one of these days, Mr. KNICKER-BOCKER; if I do it will make you cry too. And now they had nearly finished the dinner, and the second bottle was uncorked, when Richard glided softly and unnoticed behind the hedge, in time to hear a part of the interesting conversation.

‘The truth is, dear Stripe, it is not enough that a woman be amiable and beautiful; there must be in her husband the taste and understanding to appreciate such qualities; and to judge by Mr. Stripe’s expression . . .’

‘Expression! Did you ever hear of the expression of a wig-block?’

‘He appears to me not likely to discover any thing else in a wife than the common properties of matter — length, breadth, and thickness.’

‘Nor is this all, Captain; you see how long he stays at the tavern. (A little wine, if you please.) I fear he is getting habits of intemperance; and the tears started in Mrs. Stripe’s eyes as she set down her glass. The conversation now grew more confidential, and by degrees they sat closer and closer; till some how or other the winds seemed to hold their breath! Some how or other their lips came together in a kiss! Mrs. Stripe, half forced, half consenting, half pleased, half affrighted, shrunk back; and oh horror! Richard Stripe stood before her! He uttered not a word. His teeth and fists were clenched and his whole frame seemed convulsed with an agony of passion: and then he turned with a scowl, as a cloud that threatens a hurricane, upon the English captain, who recoiled and assumed an attitude of defence. ‘I am not going to knock you down,’ said Richard; ‘do n’t be afraid! I never knocked any one down except once. It was when I was at school, a boy.’

‘You then were fool enough,’ interrupted his spouse, who by this time had recovered from her fright, ‘to believe that you had stolen across that rustling wood and placed yourself behind that hedge so dexterously without being seen! — with your cat-like watch, which you learnt no doubt from your countrymen the Mohawks! You thought I suppose we had our eyes in our pockets. Sir, it was to punish the baseness of such conduct that this gentleman and I contrived to . . . say aloud what best might ruffle your spirits; and it seems we succeeded. But let me tell you, Sir, such behavior would deserve another chastisement. Why do n’t you speak to the gentleman? Captain Ketchup, Mr. Stripe.’

Dick was confused, and ashamed of his misconduct; and mustering the entire stock of his affability tried to salute courteously his guest; but his eyes falling upon the fragments of the dinner and empty bottles, he felt the smile die upon his lips. He accepted however the stranger’s hand, and with a very rueful expression of countenance made his apology — for being in the right.

The rain began suddenly to pour down with the rapidity of a May shower. The boys and girls ran helter-skelter over the hills, with their fragrant treasures, to seek shelter in the neighboring houses and villages; and our little party of the pine-hedge made haste to imitate their example. Richard immediately busied himself in collecting the plates, knives, empty bottles, and fragments of the dinner; but rising from the recumbent posture this duty required, he found himself with Chip and the basket, alone; the lady and the stranger having vanished from sight.

‘*Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus eandem.*’

He therefore commenced forthwith the pursuit, dragging the little

urchin by the hand; but after many circuitous windings to no purpose, he returned to the spot whence he had set out; and there mounting a tree, stretched his eyes over the forest in all directions; little Chip standing beneath, his knees and chin near together, and looking like a drowned rat. Maternal affection had in the mean time brought hither the mother, who finding her son, and embracing him in her arms, again disappeared with her cavalier unobserved. Richard descended. . . . Who will attempt to describe the nature of his feelings on this occasion! He wished to run to all points of the compass at once, and stood still in motionless irresolution. At length he set out to each of the cardinal points in succession, filling the groves of Lemon-Hill with lamentable invocations. The storm increased, and the heavens darkened almost to night under the scowl of the lowering elements. The thunder rattled along the flanks of Henry Pratt's garden, and bellowed in the hollow valleys, and the earth shook to the antipodes. Yet not the less did the wretched man run to and fro, and with the name of the lost child fatigue the echoes of the mountains; *Chip!* the hills, *Chip!* the vales, and *Chip!* the sympathizing streams rebound.

How to revisit the fire-side of Mrs. Stripe! How alas! to approach the inexorable woman! At the very thought he was seized with a nervous agitation; and his knees like those knees spoken of in Holy Writ smote upon each other. Then becoming frantic, he tore his hair; and at last, entirely overcome by his feelings and the vexations of the day, he burst into tears; and prostrating himself upon the earth, poured out his soul in loud sobs and lamentations.

By this explosion of feeling the exacerbation of his grief was in some measure assuaged. It was the sobbings of the abated storm. . . . But I have now reached the last chapter of my narrative.

## THE RETURN.

'Pluit tota nocte, redeunt spectacula mano.'

DARKNESS had now risen out of the west; the stars again twinkled in their spheres; and the village cock counted the night-watches to his feathery dames; and Richard Stripe pursued his way toward the city. He was now to appear before Mrs. Stripe, to render her an account of the melancholy loss of her son! He summoned his reflections, and endeavored to acquire a proper tone of mind for the emergency. 'Let a man,' said he, 'show at least the temper of his manhood, and if he must die, let him not die without a battle.' But as he came near his own dwelling he felt these valorous dispositions die away within him. A religious horror came upon his countenance, and he shook like a leaf. He approached home with almost inaudible footsteps and suppressed respiration, and placed his bent knee upon the marble, where the accents of his redoubtable partner for life fell like the cold north upon his heart. He was startled, and would have shrunk in terror from the door; but he lingered yet awhile, with an ear pressed closely to the key-hole, in

the faint hope that he might perhaps catch the voice of the unfortunate Chip. That voice which had so often molested his repose by day and by night; which so often he had deprecated in secret curses; he would have given the world to hear now, in its most aggravated discord. Alas! it was (and he thought for the first time) silent! Not a note floating upon the air! The little urchin, unconscious of his father's agony, was wrapped in innocent slumbers upon his couch.

Richard returned again to the street, where he passed and repassed his own door, a prey to the bitterest afflictions; his hands now clenched in anguish upon his brow, and now, to the astonishment of the passer-by, bursting into exclamations of distress. 'Chip! Chip! Would that I could have died for thee!' Thrice he had taken the knocker, resolved to announce his arrival, and thrice his paternal hands had failed to execute their office.

As he stood with limbs paralyzed in motionless gaze, he was suddenly accosted by a woman who rushed precipitately from an adjoining alley: 'For Heaven's sake, hold this infant till I run across the street for the doctor! His father is dying! Alas! Sir, he will die, without the help of the doctor!'

Richard instinctively held out his arms, and found the infant pressed upon his benevolent bosom. The woman immediately vanished from his sight, running with the utmost speed; and for aught any one knows is running yet—for she has never since come back!

Richard looked with tenderness upon the sleeping babe, pressing it to his bosom. He pitied its dying father—he pitied its mother. Then he looked again upon the interesting creature; indulging sometimes, as he walked up and down, in a silent wish that he had had himself such a son. Thus a considerable time passed away, and he continued to cradle the little human being in his arms. At length he was seen to turn his eyes frequently toward the opposite side of the street, and his features gradually assumed an expression of surprise. This was however soon removed by a scrap of paper which he accidentally perceived pinned upon the child's bosom, and which being read over by the light of the street-lamp, informed him that Richard Stripe was the sole proprietor and disposer of the infant. At this moment the little creature awakening, began to evince its displeasure at the open air and bad nursing, by the most clamorous outcries. A crowd, in an instant, composed chiefly of his neighbors and intimate acquaintances, gathered about. The child still continued its obstreperous squalling; and Dick, sensible of the ludicrous predicament in which he stood, was covered with confusion. At this moment his own door flying open, to escape the interrogatives or sneers of the mob, he rushed into the parlor, and found himself suddenly in the presence of Mrs. Stripe, holding out the child!

He stood like one who had seen the snaky head of Medusa. No one who looked upon that petitionary and apologetic face will forget its expression ever. Not a muscle, not a limb but had lost the faculty of motion. But in despair I must leave the rest to the imagination of my readers. Perhaps some one of them may have seen the condemned wretch look upward upon the gibbet from which he is about to be suspended!



express a wish that he should form one of the party. I presently asked him, and his ready assent produced an expression of satisfaction in her countenance which was perhaps unnoted by any one but myself. I saw the sentiment with a good deal of solicitude; I thought it would be a growing one, and I well knew that no feeling corresponding to it would be suffered to grow up in the mind of its object.

No occasion could possibly be finer and better fitted for the display of the peculiar accomplishments and talents of Mr. Manners, than a visit with ladies to a gallery of pictures. Accordingly, when we arrived at the place of exhibition, I managed to draw him out and set him in the position in which he could shine to the best advantage. His feelings, naturally sensitive to the influences of poetry, had been so over-refined by familiarity with art, that they were more suited to appreciate the delicacies of the pencil than the deeper charms of Nature. He had studied that subject thoroughly; and to the best conclusions that the most highly-cultivated minds in Europe had drawn on the principles of taste in pictures, he added many suggestions of his own which bore a fresher and more delicate interest. To give place to one's friend and lend that graceful aid which may enable him to develop his peculiar stores, is a duty that a refined society imposes; and I cheerfully performed it on the present occasion. Manners very happily hit the mean between a superficial, commonplace style that any one might have produced, and a profound and boring manner that would have fatigued and offended. His skill was to touch the subject lightly but felicitously, and pass on to another; to say the best thing that occurred to him, and then instantly to pass on without lingering to develop and deduce. No one could have listened to him without admiration of his elegant and cultivated powers; a sense of liking for his agreeableness, and a respect for the higher and stronger faculties that were carelessly shown but not brought out. Upon Miss Grenville, to whom he more particularly dedicated his remarks, the effect was very apparent. She listened with the dangerous interest of one who received more than she gave; and was pleased to receive impressions rather than anxious to give them.

They were frequently together on subsequent occasions, and Manners, pleased with her intelligence and friendship, always exerted his best talents to amuse her. It was not long before she was deeply and completely in love with him; while he not only felt no particular interest himself, but was wholly unconscious of her opinions in respect to him. At length, growing perhaps a little wearied with the sameness of a single mind, and finding some stronger attractions elsewhere, or perhaps thinking it not prudent, or not in good taste to address himself so particularly to one, he began to withdraw his attentions, and finally was in the habit rather of avoiding her.

I was present at one scene where her feeling showed itself to me very strongly; probably it was the occasion on which her last hopes were struck down, and she became fully aware that her wishes were vain. It was at a large party in the house of a lady well known for the brilliance and gayety of her entertainments. Miss Grenville was elaborately dressed; and being under strong excitement, looked superbly. Of the numbers that looked with admiration and envy on her beautiful form, none knew that that glittering creature of pride and worship was the most wretched woman in the room. Mr. Manners was in another part of the room; and her glancing eye watched him with the keenest anxiety. A dozen young men were around her, pouring out the incense of varied flattery; but she was unconscious of its influence. Once or twice he moved so as to make her think she might appear to be indifferent about him; but when he came not nigh, and, her face reverted, saw him still engaged with some other person, her mortification could not be concealed. At last it seemed as if her impatience could no longer be restrained; she started a difficulty about the meaning of some lines in Dante, and as nobody near her could solve it to her satisfaction, she sent some one off for Mr. Manners. He came immediately, and with great cordiality responded to her inquiry. She put forth all the art of attraction an accomplished and gifted woman could exert under the stimulus of passion to detain him. He listened politely, answered courteously, and taking advantage of some interruption in the conversation, turned on his heel and walked off. The flush of her features faded to a "dull and blank regret" as her eye followed him; her bosom heaved in despite of effort, and if the restraint of company had not checked the inclination, I am sure a tear would have started from her eye.

Manners was in the habit of exercising his pen. A mind highly furnished with knowledge, and discontented with the shows of actual things and the excitement of outward life,

## ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

### THE PROUD ONE'S REVENGE.

FOUNDED ON AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE

*Well known to many readers of the Mirror.*

A FRIEND of mine had brought a fine collection of pictures from Europe, and I was making up a party to go to look at them. When I asked Miss Grenville if she would go, Mr. Manners was speaking to somebody on the other side of him; and I thought that her acceptance of the invitation was accompanied with a certain hesitation that seemed to

very naturally is driven to composition. He wrote and published much in the New-York Mirror, but always anonymously. The slight reputation that would flow from the trifles that a man devoted to society and pleasure could produce in the intervals of amusement, would annoy rather than gratify a man of sense and refinement. His object was, partly, the interest of composition, and partly the setting up some palpable monuments of his powers, which he might look upon in moments of despondency and gloom, and be cheered by. He at length attempted a larger and more erudite work; it was an estimate of the character and peculiarities of the higher portions of German poetry; and he suffered it to be known among his friends that he was the author of it. Some one wrote a review of it: whether it was a *litterateur* jealous of the intrusion of a man of fashion, or a person of real ability who found the book defective, I do not know, for I was not enough acquainted with the subject to judge of the work; but it was the most merciless, killing attack I ever read in my life. Manners bore it with his usual good sense and philosophy, but I believe that he was really very deeply wounded by it, especially as the article denied the genuineness of his learning and the honesty of his quotations. In fact he gave me to understand that he had made two or three attempts to reply, but had not been able to satisfy himself.

The next week there appeared in the Mirror a reply to this attack. If the former article was clever, this was admirable. It was a perfectly satisfactory vindication of the book. It displayed an elegant learning, an ingenious argumentation and great wit. It showed a high admiration of Manners' book on the part of the writer, and was a very valuable support to the reputation of the book. Manners was delighted. I remember his bringing me the Mirror with a face of cool indifference, but a manner that showed inwardly an infinite glee.

We were supping together with a select company a few nights after, when some one introduced the subject; not in the best possible taste I thought. But being introduced, it was necessary to give it a pleasant turn.

"Manners," said I, "upon my life, I believe you must have written that article yourself."

"I wish to heaven," said he, "I could write half as well. I assure you there is a prodigious ability in it, to make so much of a bad cause. Until I read it, I thought I should be ridiculous for the rest of my life, and was beginning to study the 'Calamities of Authors,' that I must console myself with companions in disgrace. Now I hold up my head and only think of the 'quarrels of authors.' I am under infinite obligations to this Ajax Telamon; and I hope I shall have always such a shield to cover me on the field."

"Well," said I, "if you did not write it, it must have been written either by a man that is going to borrow money of you, or a woman that is in love with you."

As I spoke, my eye fell on Miss Grenville who sat a little way off, and was watching our conversation with earnest attention. Her face was very flushed, and her eye was as bright as flame. Conviction flashed upon me in the instant. Miss Grenville was the author of the defence. I knew her powers were adequate to it; and she had taken this noble revenge for her slighted charms. I turned off the conversation to a different topic, and presently leaning over to Manners, I whispered to him my opinion as to his vindicator. In a little while I withdrew.

Two days after, Manners came into my room. He thrust both his hands into his coat-pockets, and in that picturesque attitude paced the room for half an hour.

"*Mon amie*," said he at length, "you were right in your suspicion of Miss Grenville. You may imagine that I have but one anxiety; to lay my fortune and my heart at her feet. I have done so. She rejects me; she refuses to talk to me; yet I am sure she is not indifferent to me. I love her profoundly. You must negotiate."

I set off. Miss Grenville was alone and I introduced my errand. She gave me a decided negative. I expressed my surprise, hinted at my observation of her previous conduct and knowledge of her sentiments; and requested an explanation.

"You, I believe," she replied at length, "are a person whom I may confide in. What I state, I say for your satisfaction, and not for repetition; you may communicate the result, not the cause. Before I was aware of it I became interested in Mr. Manners. He slighted, he contemned my affection. I resolved to bring him to my feet. I have triumphed: he is there. He offers me his love. Were it sincere, the love that is founded on gratitude is too cold a thing for me. Never shall it be said, and she rose from her chair, "that Mary Grenville accepted a love that was prompted by compassion." I have felt his power fatally to my happiness; he shall feel mine."

She walked towards the door that led into the adjoining room.

"Permit me," said I, "to leave one fact with you. I vouch for its truth. Mr. Manners loves you truly, passionately."

"What he has requested can never, never, never be." She went out and I remained alone.

I trust the reader who has followed me so far, will join with me in admiring so splendid a display of pride. Fair reader! but was I wrong when I said to Mr. Manners on my return, "call upon her one week hence, and you will certainly be accepted?"

## **THE VEIL OF THE FUTURE.**

Thou standest before the mighty veil which shrouds eternity, and asketh, "Is it a veil of mourning, or that of Isis? that of a murderer, or a beauty? that of a radiant visage, like Moses's, or of a corpse?" I answer, "Thou wilt one day lift it, and such as thy heart has deserved, such wilt thou lift?"

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*For the Ladies' Pearl.*  
**THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.**

—  
**BY DANIEL WISE.**

**CHAPTER I.**

—  
'Tis a common tale,  
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,  
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed  
In bodily form.—But without further bidding,  
I will proceed.'—*Wordsworth.*

A few years since, circumstances led me to pass a few days in one of the most beautiful and flourishing of our New England villages. Its whereabouts cannot be of the smallest possible consequence to the reader; while its mention might give umbrage to the parties not unfamiliar with the subjoined narrative. I had spent a day or two at the hospitable residence of a respected friend; and had just finished reading the columns of a country paper, when, my friend having closed his office, came into the parlor and proposed a walk through the village and its environs. To this I willingly acceded, and in a few minutes we were in the principal street. There was nothing peculiar to the place meriting particular description: a fine grass-grown square, surrounded with large white houses; and streets leading from its four sides, composed the village proper; while a few clusters of houses gathered round a mill or manufactory, formed its suburbs.

Passing through the square into one of the streets, we came to a very old build-

ing standing back a few rods from the road. It evidently had belonged to the ancient occupants of the soil, the sturdy pioneers who braved the forest and the foe to carry civilization and liberty where barbarism and ignorance had reigned for ages. But it was now sadly dilapidated: its huge stack of chimneys had partially fallen; the roof was broken in; the shingles lay in heaps on the ground, and the old clapboards, splintered and torn, seemed to be the sport of every wild breeze that passed; its windows were all woefully shattered; the fences were destroyed; and rank thistles filled the garden in front. Surrounded by neat, white buildings on all sides, it looked like desolation in Paradise; and I could not avoid pausing to heave a sigh over a scene of ruin, where, thought I, as bright hopes have dwelt and as merry voices rung as in the gayest houses of the village. After indulging my own reflections for a few moments, I remarked to my friend: 'This old house is but an emblem of ourselves: once, it was the object of admiration; the abode of bright hopes and warm hearts; now, it is a pile of unsightly ruins, desolate and forsaken by man: a condition its ancient owners probably never imagined, when, elate with prosperity, they raised its massive beams from the ground and gathered round its capacious hearth, to spend the winter eve in jocund merriment.'

'True,' replied my friend, 'it is a fitting emblem of our frailty; of our early hopes,

and of our end; but there are sad memories connected with this old pile: could its worm-eaten timbers find a tongue, they would tell tales of bitter anguish, that would make the thoughtless passer-by stop and tremble for his own destiny.'

'Indeed!' said I, my curiosity being awakened by my friend's remark; 'but are there none who have preserved its history? Can none of your elder inhabitants acquaint us with the troubles of its now quiet owners?'

My friend smiled sadly, and answered: 'To know the history of the Dantons is, I suppose, impossible. Their sorrows were chiefly of a domestic character; and they were too proud and too reserved to make confidants of their neighbors. The leading facts, however, are known to me, for I have always taken a melancholy interest in their fate, and with the history of the last relics of this family, I am familiar.'

'Then,' said I, with considerable eagerness, 'a truce to our walk; let us return, and, seated in your parlor, I will listen to the story.'

'Nay, not now,' replied he; 'let us rather finish our walk: to-night I will read it to you.'

'Read it! What, is it in print then?' I exclaimed.

'No, sir; but I have gathered up the facts, and, for my own satisfaction, committed them to the keeping of a manuscript; if I may trespass on your patience until evening, I will read it to you, and to my family, who have not yet heard it.'

Of course, I readily assented, and we continued our walk. Immediately after tea, my friend produced his manuscript, and read the following story.

At a very early period in the history of New England, Richard Danton, Esq. emigrated from Great Britain. He purchased a large tract of land in this town; and he and his heirs and successors were for many years the principal men of the place.

By degrees, however, their numbers declined. Misfortune entered the family, and it experienced many very serious pecuniary losses. The last Mr Danton, notwithstanding all this, inherited a very pretty estate, consisting of the Danton house and a fine farm of more than two hundred acres. But he was a very profligate and idle man, addicted to every species of vice, and especially to gambling. Out of a fine family of six sons and a daughter, all the sons fell victims to a father's example, and perished untimely. The father himself, after impoverishing his estate, died at the age of fifty, leaving a widow and one daughter, named Maria.

Except these bare facts, little is now known of the Danton family; but the sorrows of 'poor Dame Danton,' as she was familiarly called, are better understood. It is her sufferings, therefore, that are chiefly matter of record in this manuscript.

The good dame found herself stripped of nearly every thing, at the death of her husband, by his rapacious creditors. All that remained to her was the ancient homestead, with its garden in front, and a small orchard behind. The troubles of her past life, had chastened her spirit, and led her to seek consolation under her misfortunes in the truths of christianity. Upheld by their influence, she bowed under the stroke; resigning herself to her condition, she devoted herself to the care and instruction of her daughter Maria, who was about ten years of age at her father's death.

Perhaps, the first nine years of her widowhood were the happiest of her life. Her orchard and garden, together with her labors at the needle, supplied her with the means of comfortable existence. Her life, which had been like the uneven course of the boisterous torrent, now flowed smoothly and tranquilly like the deep, broad river; and she

self a quiet old age and a peaceful death. Alas! hope is always a mocker; a misguiding *ignis fatuus*, alluring us onward by its lustre, into spots which no force could have compelled us to traverse; yet, who would consent to part from the gay deceiver?

Maria Danton, now nineteen summers old, had grown to be a fine, handsome girl. She had thus far devoted herself to her mother with unwearied assiduity: kind and cheerful, she enlivened the good dame with her pleasant conceits, and seemed to be happy in the happiness of her mother. Of course, the dame was excessively fond of her child; indeed, she almost idolized her; and, it is to be feared, that the daughter usurped the place of the Deity in the old lady's heart. There was, however, one drawback upon her peace; one trouble that gave her occasional uneasiness. It was this: Maria was excessively fond of dress. She had always been so; in her childhood she used to deck herself with the choicest flowers in the garden, and a wreath of roses on her brow filled her with extreme delight. Whenever she had a few cents at her disposal, they were sure to be expended in the ribbon store for some trifles to decorate her person. Unfortunately, the old lady was too proud of her little girl to check this childish vanity; she rather encouraged it, for it delighted her, she used to say, to see her Maria look so pretty.

Thus flattered, her love of show had increased with her growth, until it had become the ruling passion of her heart. At last, it even rose in opposition to her love for her mother, and became the source of little domestic bickerings between them. These, however, had, thus far, been seldom, though, in the sequel it will be seen that even worse, far worse, result followed this strong affection for dress.

One afternoon, in the autumn of 18—,

Maria returned from paying a few visits; seating herself at the work table, she seemed busied with her own reflections: at last, she broke silence by saying:

'Mother! I have been thinking that I must have a new bonnet this fall. Mine is horribly out of fashion, and I have had it cleaned and altered so many times that I am ashamed to be seen in it. Besides all the girls in the village are going to have winter bonnets, and I must have one too.'

'Child!' said the old lady, looking up from her knitting with a sorrowful air, 'I am sorry to hear you speak so pettishly. You know, Maria, it is next to impossible to spare enough from our slender purse to buy you a bonnet. The winter is coming, and we have to buy our wood and other means of comfort to keep us from suffering during its long and weary months.'

Maria looked cross, and replied, 'I thought how it would be. Here I have to slave at my needle all day long; and when I want a bonnet cannot have it, because you must have your comforts! I declare, it is too bad!'

This was the cruellest speech Maria had ever addressed to her mother. She was vexed, and her vexation stifled all her better feelings. The good dame felt its cruelty, and more than one tear stole down her cheek as she replied:

'Maria! is it for this I have nursed you, watched you, and made every sacrifice for your happiness? Did I not bear enough from your father and brothers? Must my darling child, my Maria, too, become the instrument of my misery?—Oh, it is too much!' and the agonized widow sighed deeply in the bitterness of her grief.

Maria was alarmed. She did not mean to proceed so far. Her mother's anguish restored her better feelings to the ascendancy; and hastily dashing aside her work, she threw her arm round her mother's neck, exclaiming:

'Dear mother, pardon me! I did not mean to wound your feelings; indeed, mother, I did not! I spoke thoughtlessly, and in a wicked passion. Do not weep so, my mother, and I will never grieve you again.' •

It was not in the widow's heart to resist these appeals. She kissed her erring daughter, and strove to recover her serenity of mind. Still, this little outbreak was a source of many heart-achings in her lonely moments; and in spite of her sorrow, Maria succeeded in getting her new bonnet, at the expense of many little comforts her mother loved and needed.

Such another scene did not occur at Dame Danton's until the spring, when Maria wanted a new dress, of a very fashionable pattern, just brought into town by Mr Redding, the merchant. Her mother, who had seen the necessity, when too late, of checking this inordinate love of dress, met her request with a decided refusal; reasoning with her, at the same time, on the slender state of their finances, for, as Mrs Danton's health was much enfeebled, their united efforts were now barely sufficient to maintain them in comfort and respectability.

Maria listened in sullen silence to her mother's remarks. Since she had witnessed the strength of her feelings, and the air of melancholy her parent had occasionally worn after the outbreak between them the last fall, she had feared to see her so excited again; and therefore she chose to indulge her disappointments in sullenness at home, reserving the expression of her feelings to her interviews with some young ladies to whom she was much attached.

Accordingly, that evening the young and thoughtless party met in a sort of sewing circle. After a few commonplace inquiries had passed, one of them, named Peterson, addressing Miss Danton, said:

'Well, Maria, are you going to have a dress of that beautiful pattern at Mr Red-

ding's? Ma says I shall have one next week. It is a very sweet, sweet pattern, and I wouldn't go without a dress of it for the world.'

To this silly twattle, Maria sullenly replied: 'No; my mother is pleading poverty again, and she says I can't have it.'

'It is too bad, I declare!' exclaimed three or four voices at once.

'Yes, it is too bad indeed,' said Maria, crying. 'My mother used to be very kind, and I used to love her, but she is very cross now, and refuses to let me have anything nice. I only got my bonnet last fall by teasing and sulking: I won't bear it—I declare I won't.'

'Nor would I,' said a little, cross-looking girl, with a squeaking voice. 'If I worked as you do, Miss Danton, I would have all the clothes I wanted, in spite of a squeamish old mother.'

'Yes, that's what vexes me,' answered Maria, half choked with passion: 'I work like a slave all the time, until my eyes are dim, and my fingers sore; and after all this, my mother says I must be content with cheap calico gowns, and bonnets that cost only one or two dollars! I won't submit to it! I will have what I want, if I die for it.'

'That's right, and spoken like a girl of spirit,' said Miss Peterson, 'and if my mother should serve me so, I'd go and work in the factory somewhere, and take care of myself.'

'The factory! What, could you get work in a factory? How should you know how to do the work?' asked Maria.

'To be sure I could. How do you suppose any of the girls get work there? They all have to learn, and so could you or I. Besides, Miss Etherton is at Cherryvale mills. She wrote to me only last week, and said wages were high and girls much wanted.'

'Miss Etherton! She used to tell her—didn't she?'

'Of course she did; and a fine girl she

is too. I wish I was at Cherryvale with her.'

'So do I,' said Maria: 'I would then buy what I pleased and hear no lectures from my mother.'

Thus these foolish girls talked; thus did Maria blind herself to all her mother's fondness and feed the wicked pride of her heart. Yet Dame Danton had been struggling hard to gratify her wishes: she had denied herself of even necessary articles of clothing and food for her child's sake; and she only refused to purchase her the desired frock because their funds would not allow it. Still, like all ungrateful daughters, Maria could not, or rather *would* not, see these things; but constantly persuaded herself, that she was not indulged as she might be.

The above conversation was closed by Maria's saying emphatically to her companions, 'I will go to the factory at Cherryvale:' with 'which remark she hurried homewards.

## CHAPTER II.

'Some men I saw their utmost art employ  
How to attain a false, deceitful joy,  
Which from afar conspicuously did blaze,  
And at a distance fixed their ravished gaze,  
But nigh at hand it mocked their fond embrace.

When lo! again it flashes in their eyes;  
But still, as they draw near, the fond illusion dies.—*Thomson*.

Maria's decision occasioned the deepest sorrow in the tried heart of 'old Dame Danton.' The blow was more severe because unexpected. Since her husband's death, she had promised herself, that Maria would be her companion until the grave should shut her from the power of the troubles of this lower world. For a long time, the constant affection of her daughter had confirmed her wish to certainty, that she would be her latest solace, and that she should breathe her spirit out at last in her arms. True, those hopes had been dampened by the development

of so much selfishness in her child's nature; but, a mother still, she hoped her child would become less selfish as she grew older. Alas! it is not thus with the vices of human nature; they acquire strength and firmness by age and gratification;

'Like the mountain oak,  
Tempest shaken, rooted fast,  
Grasping strength from every stroke,  
While it wrestles with the blast.'

How thrilled with agony, then, was her aged heart, when her proud, thoughtless child boldly and decidedly announced her intention of going away. The tidings came upon her as the first roarings of the distant avalanche falls upon the ears of the goatherd of the Alps, warning him that the Spirit of Evil is nigh. So felt that 'excellent lady.' The knell of her last hope rung in her ears; and the hand that tolled it, was that of her own dear child. Still, she said little, for she knew it would be vain to think of restraining the rashness of Maria by entreaty.

Preparations for her departure were soon made. The day came as swiftly, and the tramp of horses announced the coming of the stage. Mrs Danton was sitting in the middle of the room; her cheeks pale with sickness, and her eyes wet with weeping. She dropped her work, raised her spectacles, and gazed steadily at her child, while the big tear-drop rolled down her face to the floor.— Maria stood at the window, her face yet flushed with excitement, but evidently in a very thoughtful mood. She was about to leave her home for the first time in her life, and it is no wonder if some slight misgivings flashed upon her heart; but when she turned round, and met the fixed, tearful gaze of her mother—that look, so tender, so painfully touching, went to her heart. It brought up images of the past—of that mother's unwearied love, through the nine lone years of her widowhood—of the sacrifices she had made for her—of her own ingratitude. She wept! Her



mother beheld those tears, and rose, exclaiming:

'My child! my child! Do we part thus?'

They rushed into each other's arms; that mother, and that erring daughter.—Sobbing, rather than speaking, Maria exclaimed:

'Oh, my mother, forgive me yet again! I have used you ill—very ill indeed: can you once more pardon so obstinate a daughter?'

'Enough, child of my heart! I forgive; and may heaven forgive thee too.'

Just then, the coach stopped at the door, and the hoarse voice of the driver was heard, crying:

'Stage ready! Stage ready, ma'am.'

'Oh, mother,' said Maria, 'I must go; but I will not stay long. Before winter I will return, and I will send you money every month.'

Again the cry, 'Stage waiting, ma'am,' interrupted them; and with showers of tears, they parted—FOREVER!

Buried in silent grief, Mrs D. sat for hours in her chair: thoughts, that went like ice through her veins and lightning through her heart, filled her with apprehensions of the future. At last, awaking, as from a trance, she remarked aloud: 'Tis just, O my God! I have idolized that child, and she is taken from me.—My sins are visited upon me in righteousness. But O, whilst thou appliest the rod, remember that I am but dust.'

Just then, a little flaxen head, containing a pair of the softest blue eyes in the world, intruded itself into the old dame's lap, while a sweet, musical voice said to her:

'Don't cry, Mrs Danton, if Maria is gone: Amy will be your child now.'

It was the voice of little Amy Drew, a sweet girl, some nine summers old; the child of her next door neighbor.

\* \* \* \* \*

The summer had departed; autumn

had turned the green leaf to 'sere and yellow,' and the moaning of the winds gave warning of approaching winter.—Maria was still in the mills at Cherryvale, and had become a gay and dashing girl. For some time after leaving home, she had made remittances to her mother; but these had decreased both in frequency and amount, as her love of finery increased. Lately, her mother had written an earnest request for her return; as she was fast failing in health, and had been several times attacked with fits. With great reluctancy, Maria was preparing to obey, intending first to purchase a new cloak for the winter.

'This is a very fashionable article for cloaks, Miss Danton, and very cheap,' said a gay-looking clerk, as he exhibited the texture of a piece of broadcloth.

'How much is it a yard?'

'I will sell you a cloak from it for five dollars a yard. It is very cheap for so superior an article.'

'What is the price of fur, for trimmings?'

'We have it at all prices, Miss, from fifty cents to three dollars and higher.—Here is one I can recommend for two dollars—a very excellent article.'

Maria paused to deliberate. The cloak would cost her nearly forty dollars. She had but half that sum on hand. It would take her until midwinter to pay for it.—'But how nice it will look when once paid for,' she thought. 'There is only one thing in the way. My mother says I must go home—It is hard that a young woman like me must be tied to the lap of a grumbling mother—I don't believe she is so sick as she pretends to be, after all—A few weeks wont make much difference—I'll have the cloak, and risk it.'

Having concluded this wicked soliloquy, Maria arranged for the purchase of her cloak, and retired. She had deliberately sacrificed her mother—that weeping, suffering mother—for the gratifica-

tion of her pride ; and Heaven meted her a just reward for her ingratitude !

### CHAPTER III.

‘How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is To have a thankless child.’

‘Filial ingratitude !

Is it not as if this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to it ?’—*Shakspeare.*

It was midwinter. Mrs Danton sat in the old arm chair, beside the hearth, in a back room of Danton house. She was pale and thin, an air of languor was spread over her fine features, and feebleness had usurped the place of strength in her still somewhat majestic person. This afternoon, she seemed peculiarly anxious ; every footfall roused her attention, and caused her to turn her eyes toward the door. At length, the latch was raised ; the agile form of Amy Drew bounded into the apartment.

‘Have you any letter to-day, Amy ?’

‘No, ma’am.’

‘Did the post-master look, my child ? Are you sure ?’

‘Yes, ma’am, he looked at all the letters, and said there was none for you.’

‘Oh, Maria ! Maria ! you know not what pain you inflict on your poor, dying mother ! What can be the reason you don’t write ? Oh, my poor, breaking heart !’ Here a flood of tears came to her relief.

The simple-hearted Amy stood for a moment in a thoughtful attitude, as if puzzled how to comfort the good dame. She had become familiar with these scenes ; for many times had she trudged to the post-office on a vain errand. Maria had not written for more than six weeks ! Approaching the distressed old lady, she kindly placed her little fingers in her hand, and looking up, with the artlessness of innocence said :

‘Don’t cry any more, ma’am, about

Maria. Amy loves you, and she will be your daughter. Don’t cry ; it makes me want to cry too, to see you look so sad.’

‘Sweet child ! I will not cry, if it pains you.’ And Mrs D. forced a smile to her lips, as she impressed a kiss on Amy’s cheek. After using every childish art her affection dictated, to make the old lady cheerful, as the day closed she returned to her home, promising to call early in the morning

Scarcely waiting for her breakfast, this young angel of mercy tripped lightly as the fawn to Dame Danton’s door. It was fastened, and supposing she was not up, she returned to her mother’s : again and again, she tried in vain for admittance. Growing alarmed, she told her mother, who, taking a neighbor with her, went to the house, and yet, at ten o’clock, it was fastened. The neighborhood was now effectually alarmed, and many persons gathered round the house. After consultation, the door was forced : with heaving hearts and cautious tread, the timid crowd entered. Reaching the back sitting room, a most melancholy spectacle met their vision. The old lady lay dead on the floor, with her face buried in the ashes on the hearth ! Her features were so disfigured by ashes and fire, as to be undistinguishable ; and, but for her dress, no one could have identified the begrimed, blackened countenance before him, as belonging to the once pleasant, cheerful, good-looking mistress of Danton house.

It was supposed, that sitting in her chair, as was her custom, to a late hour, she was attacked by a fit, and thrown forward by her convulsions upon the burning coals ; and that in such an unconscious state, she perished.

Maria had just paid the last dollar due for her cloak, and was resolving to stay another month in Cherryvale and then go home. Passing the post-office, she carelessly inquired for a letter, when she received the following :

‘My dear Miss Danton—

In great haste, I inform you of your mother’s death. She was found dead this morning in her parlor, and will be buried to-morrow.

Yours very respectfully,

DAVID REDDING.’

This laconic note, written by the village storekeeper, came like an avalanche upon Maria. Her first impression was made by her accusing conscience. It said to her, in a voice of thunder: ‘Your neglect has murdered your mother;’ and this stinging accusation rankled like the bite of an asp in her bosom; it wound round her heart like the convolving windings of the serpent, and wrung sighs of bitterness from it, such as she had never heaved before. At first, she was completely stupified, and wandered heedlessly through the streets until she had reached a lonely road in the suburbs. The absence of the street lights brought her to her senses, and she hurried back, fancying that every sound was the rustling of the form of her mother, who in dim shadow seemed to follow her guilty steps.— Reaching the town, she secured a place in the morning stage, and then retired to her lodgings—not to sleep, but to pass the night in bitter self-reproach and unavailing remorse.

Towards evening, after two days’ travel, the stage-sleigh drew up at Danton house. Maria alighted. Silence and darkness reigned there in proud, unquestioned dominion. Finding the doors fastened, she retreated to the house of a former friend, and spent the night. There, she heard the harrowing particulars of her mother’s death; her heart still urging its charge of murder with tenfold authority and power. Unrefreshed, she arose in the morning, and in spite of a newly fallen snow, sought her mother’s grave. Here the bitterness of her grief knew no bounds; its extravagance exceeded the limits of reason, as with frantic despair she clasped

the senseless mound and filled the unconscious air with her cries. In vain did her acquaintances beg her to retire; in vain did they point out the danger of exposure in the cold, damp grave-yard: it was only by constraint that she was taken away.

This paroxysm was followed by extreme exhaustion, and that, by fever. For thirty days, she remained poised between life and death. Delirium attended her sickness, and it was truly awful to sit and listen to her ravings. ‘Do you not see her?’ she would say. ‘There she sits! How pale and sorrowful she looks! See! how she cries! Don’t you know her? It’s my mother! My dear mother, who used to weave garlands of flowers for my head!’ Then changing her tone and manner into that of phrenzy, she would cry, ‘There! look at that bruised; burned head! The eyes are gone!— Take it away! Take it away, I tell you! I won’t see it! It’s my mother’s head, and I murdered her! Oh! do take it away!’ With these and similar ravings, she shewed how deep the fangs of remorse had laid hold upon her heart. After thirty days, the fever approached its crisis. She had fallen into a deep, quiet slumber, and all around hoped she would awake out of danger. Vain hope! She was destined to wake no more on earth. It terminated in death!

Two days afterwards she was buried in the same grave with her unfortunate mother, and that spot is marked by a simple stone on which is inscribed this brief memorial: ‘Here lies a widow and her daughter,’ with the names underneath. It was placed there by a distant relation of the family. Since then, Danton house has fallen to decay, and will probably be permitted to crumble to dust like the bodies of its former occupants.

My friend here concluded his manuscript, and as I retired to rest, I reflected with deep seriousness on the moral of his story. I saw clearly how one improper

affection may grow into a master passion, and in its destructive inroads upon the character trample down the finer and holier attributes of our nature, and lead us to actions fraught with the most unhappy consequences. Here, I saw a young lady actually destroying her mother and herself, by the love of dress—a love, which might with ease, have been checked in its incipient stages, but which at last reigned like a tyrant, and ruined her; and as I courted the downy influences of sleep, I firmly resolved to allow no master passion to lead me astray. If my readers—especially the devotees of fashion—are led to the same conclusion, the simple tale of the widow's daughter will not have seen the light in vain.

## VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER I.

THERE lived formerly in Lisbon a rich merchant of the name of Lopez, who carried on a very extensive business. The prosperity of this man had become almost proverbial in the city. His ships always came safely to port, and every speculation he entered into was sure to turn to good account; his only daughter, Margarita, was about to marry the son of a rich ship owner of Barcelona.

For more than eighteen years Fortune heaped upon Don Lopez her richest favors. With one breath she threw down the gigantic edifice she had raised. All his ships were either wrecked or taken by pirates; and the unexpected failure of four large houses swallowed up the capital of the unfortunate old man. The marriage of his daughter was broken off, for he could no longer give her a portion. In two years he was completely ruined. All that remained to him was a claim of a hundred thousand dollars, which he had upon a merchant of Madrid; this man refused to pay the claim, and Lopez was obliged to leave Lisbon and proceed to Spain, in order to substantiate it by legal measures.

Justice is slower and more costly in Spain than in any other country. The law-suit lasted three years, during which time Lopez, his wife and daughter, were reduced to abject poverty; they were all obliged to work for their support. The father kept the books of two or three petty shopkeepers, the mother and daughter were employed in sewing for some of

the first milliners of Madrid. The adversary of Don Lopez delayed the suit by every means in his power; he dragged him from court to court, but finally, after having exhausted all the resources of chicanery, he was sentenced to pay the whole amount of the claim, with interest and costs. One evening Lopez returned to his miserable lodgings, and with a shout of joy, showed to his wife and daughter his pocket-book, containing the amount he had recovered—a sum, which in their reduced position, was a large fortune.

After having consulted together for a short time, as to the disposal of this treasure, it was resolved that Don Lopez should lodge it with one of the first bankers in Madrid, to be by him remitted to Portugal, and employed in such a way as to secure to them a decent income.

“I will go to him immediately,” said Don Lopez, “and will be back again in half an hour.”

A whole hour elapsed, but Don Lopez did not return.

The two ladies began to be uneasy; but judge of their agony and despair when midnight arrived, and Don Lopez was still absent. The whole of the night was passed in dreadful suspense. At day-break the unfortunate women set out in search of him, but uselessly. At last they applied to the police. The body of a man had been found in the street, pierced with many wounds. It was with horror that they discovered this to be the body of the only protector they had on earth. It is

needless to add, that the pocket-book containing their whole fortune, had disappeared; doubtless some robber had been apprised that Don Lopez had just received a considerable sum, and had assassinated him. The mother of Donna Margarita was struck with paralysis on seeing the disfigured and bleeding corpse of her husband; all that science could do for her recovery was attempted, but without success; she had entirely lost the use of her hands, and even her reason was impaired. Donna Margarita was compelled to devote her whole time to the care of her unfortunate mother.

For a long period these unfortunates had been accustomed to poverty; absolute misery now succeeded to it; misery accompanied by cold, and hunger, and rags. Obligated to attend constantly upon her mother, to watch her every movement, Margarita could no longer work.

At length the day arrived when she could not procure even a loaf of bread.

The old lady was sitting upon a miserable straw mattress, the only remaining article of furniture they possessed, when she suddenly cried out with the horrid laugh that characterises insanity.—“I am hungry! I am hungry!”

Margarita had not a single article left that she could sell; all her clothes, excepting those she wore, had been little by little disposed of; it was in vain that she looked around for something she could raise money upon, to purchase provisions for her suffering mother. Suddenly a bitter smile contracted her pale features; she rose, and hurrying out of the house, directed her steps to the shop of a fashionable hair-dresser, lately opened in one of the principal and most frequented streets of Madrid.

“Will you buy my hair,” said Margarita, to the master of the shop, taking out the comb which held it—it reached almost to her feet!

The hair-dresser had never beheld such magnificent tresses, he expressed his surprise at their surpassing beauty.

He offered her a price for them. Margarita, without hesitation, agreed to take it. She was anxious that this, perhaps, the most painful sacrifice that misery had yet entailed upon her, should be speedily accomplished.

The hair-dresser took a large pair of scissors, and was about to cut off the hair. Margarita trembled in every limb—a condemned culprit could not with greater agony await the falling of the axe of the executioner, than she did the approach of those dreadful scissors.

“In the name of the holy Virgin,” exclaimed the poor young girl, “for pity’s sake, be quick.”

“It would be a great pity,” observed the hair-dresser, “to cut off such hair, and to deprive so lovely a face of it.”

“Be quick,” reiterated Margarita, “for mercy’s sake.”

“It must be very painful to you, surely, to make so great a sacrifice?”

“Dispatch, dispatch, or in a few moments my courage will abandon me.”

“Were I to offer you” continued the hair-dresser, “a means by which you could still keep your hair, would you not accept it?”

“Doubtless, if there be any, tell me what it is, and my gratitude will be everlasting. But no! you do not know the dreadful position in which I am placed. I cannot undertake any sort of work; my poor mother is ill, and deprived of reason; her state requires that I should be in constant attendance upon her.”

“The price I should give you for your hair would not enable you to support yourself and her more than a week at farthest, and what would you do after that? what would you have recourse to then?”

Margarita raised her eyes to heaven in despair.

“Well, if you will accept the offer I am about to make to you, your mother will, for the future, be preserved from want.”

“I accept at once your proposals and without knowing what they are.

“I will pay you ten dollars a month;

with this sum you will easily find a servant to attend upon your mother, who will take care of her, and do all which her situation can require. The remainder of your salary will be sufficient to procure for the old lady all the comforts you can desire."

"And what must I do to earn this money?"

"Become my shop-woman."

There was no time for hesitation. In the profound distress in which she was plunged, such an offer appeared to Margarita, a miracle from heaven!

"I accept your proposal," she replied, "I will become your shopwoman."

The hair-dresser did not attempt to conceal the satisfaction her answer had afforded him.

"I will prove to you that I am no niggard—there is a dollar to bind the bargain; come to-morrow morning and sign the articles of our agreement, and I will pay you one month's salary in advance."

With a heart full of gladness and gratitude, Margarita left the shop of this *beneficent* man; for the first time, since the death of her father, did she return with hope and joy to her miserable abode.

That night she slept more soundly and more comfortably than she had done for many weeks; she went early the next morning to the hair-dresser. He had had the contract regularly drawn up by a lawyer, and read it to Donna Margarita; but she listened to it with a divided attention; she was eager to sign it, that she might receive the ten sparkling pieces of money which lay shining upon the counter. All that she understood of the document was, that she bound herself to remain in the hair-dresser's shop from eight o'clock in the morning until twelve at night.

This was certainly a laborious duty to fulfill. Had such an offer been made to her only two months before, she would have turned from it with disgust: but she had heard the grating of the scissors near her head, a moment more and they would

have deprived her of those beautiful locks! and what she would have before considered as a bitter degradation, she now regarded as a perfect blessing. Poverty, as Montaigne says, is a severe and rude task master.

All that day was happily employed in procuring a few articles to furnish her mother's little room. She fortunately found an intelligent and kind-hearted woman to take charge of her. Misfortune appeared weary of overwhelming her, and she looked forward with confidence to happier days.

At eight o'clock the following day she punctually presented herself to undertake her new employment. The hair-dresser was impatiently awaiting her arrival.

"Go into the back room" said he, "you will there find some clothes I have had made for you; for" added he, looking disdainfully at the poverty-stricken garments of the humble Margarita, "my shop-woman must not be seen in such a miserable plight as that."

The dress prepared for her was certainly not such a one as she would herself have chosen; there was a theatrical affectation and bad taste about it, which afflicted her. She, however, put it on, with many bitter sighs, and returned into the shop after she had finished what she considered, her degrading toilette.

"Now" said her new master, "we must attend to your head-dress."

"Donna Margarita turned her eyes to a large looking glass which hung over the counter—she thought her hair was disposed in a simple and becoming manner.

The hair-dresser destroyed, in a few moments, the elegance of this arrangement, and set to work with most laborious combinations to produce what he termed, in his emphatic language, a head-dress worthy of his art. He braided and unbraided the hair of the young girl, ornamented it with flowers, covered it with precious stones, or encircled her head with a diadem; but nothing seemed to please him. He destroyed his work as soon as he had

finished it. Patient and resigned, Donna Margarita allowed him to proceed in his experiments without uttering a complaint, a murmur, or an objection.

All at once he uttered a loud cry of joy, and, striking his forehead, he exclaimed—

“I have it! I have it! That is the thing.”

He took the combs out of Donna Margarita's hair, combed it with great care, and letting it fall over her shoulders, and all around her, it covered her as with a long veil.

“Now Madam” said he “go and seat yourself at the counter.”

“What—before you have finished dressing my hair?”

“Your coiffure is completed” he replied affectedly “what other head-dress could shew off your magnificent hair to such advantage. It will bring every amateur in Madrid to my shop.”

“Do not, I entreat you, expose me to such humiliation” said Donna Margarita, blushing with shame and vexation, “for pity's sake do not make a sign of me. I should die with grief.”

“I do not mean that you should die” rejoined the hair dresser in an insolent tone, “but, as your pride is so delicate, repay me the ten dollars I have advanced to you and we will part friends—I release you from the agreement you have made with me.”

She looked at him in terrified astonishment.

“Well!” said he, abruptly, “decide at once, give me my money, or do as I command you?”

She went and seated herself at the counter, crying bitterly.

The hair-dresser was not deceived as to the effects of his speculation. Within a very short time, an immense crowd had assembled before his window, and he had scarcely time enough to serve the numerous customers who poured into the shop from curiosity, to see the lovely shop-woman in so singular a costume. Donna Margarita was obliged to suffer silently, their

impertinent remarks, and their gallant equivoques, which were a hundred times more insupportable.

As to her worthy master, he laughed, he rubbed his hands, and chattered away to all his customers, and what delighted him above all, he filled his shop till.

At midnight, the victim of this degrading speculation, was allowed to return home and weep at liberty in the arms of her mother, who smiled upon her, without at all comprehending the motive of her grief.

The following day, a much more numerous crowd besieged the door of the hair-dresser. They laughed, and pointed first at the sign over the door, and then at the shopwoman.

Presently, loud hootings succeeded to the shouts of laughter, the mob then began to throw stones at the shop window, and if the police had not interfered, the hair-dresser and Donna Margarita would have fallen victims to the indignation of the populace. The only means of quieting the tumult, was to shut the shop.

This uproar was occasioned by the hair-dresser's having thought proper, during the night, to fix a sign-board over his door, on which was inscribed; “Lion's grease for making the hair grow. The public may be convinced of the wonderful effects of this pomatum, by looking at the shop-woman of Mr. Bergami, hair-dresser to several foreign sovereigns.”

The sign-board was removed from over the door, but Mr. Bergami had it nailed up behind the counter, immediately over the place where Donna Margarita usually sat.

During a whole month was she obliged to endure this ignominy, and the offensive ribaldry to which such a position exposed her.

She thought that she had drained the cup of humiliation to the last dregs, but another and a severer trial still awaited her. One morning, the young merchant of Barcelona, to whom she had been betrothed before the misfortunes occurred



which overwhelmed her father, entered the shop. She fell senseless at his feet. When she recovered from her fainting fit he had disappeared.

But in the evening she found him at her mother's house. "Donna Margarita," said he to her, "our families in happier times betrothed us, will you now fulfill their intentions? I come to solicit your hand."

She looked at him with an expression of joy, mingled with surprise and doubt. She did not dare to believe what she had heard.

"For your mother's sake you have, without murmuring, submitted to the most cruel humiliations—this I well know. So pious a daughter cannot fail to make a tender and devoted wife. On my knees I entreat that you will be mine."

She held out her hand to him, which he covered with his kisses.

## CHAPTER II.

Four years had elapsed since the occurrence of the events above related, when Don Antonio della Ribeira, commanding the Spanish sloop of war *La Teresa*, then on his passage to Rio de Janeiro, descried a ship at some distance to windward of him. Her manœuvres were of a most singular character. She was running before the wind with a light breeze, and appeared to be making directly for the *Teresa*, but her sails and rigging were in so unseamanlike a trim, that she every now and then luffed up, came to the wind, and then bore away again. Being about one hundred leagues to the westward of the coast of Africa, Ribeira conceived for a few minutes, that she might be a pirate, and that her bad sailing, was a mere pretext to induce him to allow her to approach his ship. He accordingly beat to quarters, his decks were cleared, and he prepared for action. But in a few minutes, he ascertained on nearing her, that she was a merchant vessel; not a soul was to be seen upon her deck. He took his speaking trumpet and hailed her several times, but

no answer was given. The two vessels were then within pistol shot.

Captain Ribeira was completely puzzled, the strange ship did not appear to have sustained any serious damage, all her spars and yards were uninjured. How could it have happened, that a vessel should be thus abandoned in the open seas, without a soul on board to navigate her? He ordered a boat to be lowered, and anxious to solve so singular a problem, jumped into it himself, and ordered the boats crew to pull to the strange ship.

He had hardly placed his foot upon her deck, before he uttered an irresistible shriek of terror. It was covered with whitened bones and horrid skeletons. The sailors who accompanied him on board, insisted that it was the *Flying Dutchman*, a phantom ship, so celebrated in the superstitious legends of the sea. They entreated him to return on board his own vessel, but he rushed along the deck towards the cabin, without meeting a living creature. He then went below—there were several skeletons lying about the cabin. He opened a desk, which had been secured by cleats on the corner of a locker, and there found papers, from which he ascertained that the name of the vessel was *La Margarita*, and that she had left Lisbon more than a year before, bound for Mexico.

While he was occupied in looking over these papers, he all at once heard a plaintive voice chanting the *De Profundis*. He at first thought it might be one of his own sailors singing it in mockery, but his discipline was too rigid to allow his men to joke with him, and they had besides evinced so great a horror, on first boarding the ship, that it was not likely any of them would venture to be facetious. The voice approached nearer and nearer; it was sweet, melodious, but mournful, and uttered with agonizing emphasis, the terrible words of that melancholy psalm. He listened with fearful attention. In a few moments, a phantom-like woman entered the cabin; she was pale, dressed in faded white, her long hair streaming over her

shoulders. There was something in her look which horrified Ribeira. This strange apparition, did not appear to notice that he was present; she seated herself upon one of the lockers, passed her hands over her forehead, for a moment ceased her melancholy chant, and then faintly murmured in Portuguese:—"The nights are long, the days are endless!"

She then began to weep, and sang

"De profundis clamavi ad te."

Captain Ribeira approached her, and addressing her in the language she had used, said, "what fatal misfortune, has left you alone on board this vessel?"

"Hush! hush!" she said, "the dead do not speak; they are all silent! The sea alone may mingle its sad voice with the chant of De Profundis!"

"What is your name?" asked Ribeira.

"Death! death! he is dead, they are all dead! Death! death!"

"Shall I not lead you from this dreadful scene, and take you back to Europe?"

"Dies iræ, Dies illa," she exclaimed.

"Hush! hush! they sleep, they sleep!"

It was too evident that the reason of the unfortunate woman had given way under the affliction of the horrible scenes, of which she had been a witness. Ribeira made a sign to her to follow him—she shook her head. He endeavored to take her hand, she pushed him away; at length he caught her in his arms, and carried her on to the deck. When the sailors first saw her, they were so alarmed that they ran in terror to their boat, her appearance was so unearthly.

He gave the poor maniac in charge to a midshipman who had accompanied him, and then went down again into the cabin. He then took a casket, full of gold, and several important papers, and returned with them to the deck. The poor woman resisted his attempts to remove her from the ship, but Ribeira ordered two of the sailors to take her into the boat, and they shoved off for the corvette.

Immediately on their getting on board, the crew crowded round them, curious to

learn the particulars of their expedition, and to inquire the history of the mad woman they had brought with them. Ribeira had conducted her into his private cabin, and had given orders that it should be arranged for her sole use—he returned on deck and found the sailors talking over these strange occurrences. They were arguing upon the causes which could have occasioned the destruction of the entire crew of the vessel they had seen. Some said it must have been from a naval combat, but there were no traces about the ship which could lead to such a conclusion—there were no shot-holes, no rigging cut away! Others argued there must be something supernatural in it.

At last one sailor uttered the words—"the plague,"—they all instantly adopted the suggestion—there was no further difference of opinion.

"And the woman whom the captain has brought on board," cried out several voices, "that woman has brought the plague on board our ship. We must instantly get rid of her—we must throw her into the sea."

"Throw her over board—throw her overboard," howled out the whole ship's company, running towards the cabin before Ribeira had time to prevent them. He rushed down to the powder magazine and cocked one of his pistols.

"Stay, ye inhuman monsters, stay," he exclaimed, "I swear by our holy Creator, that if you commit so cowardly a crime—if you attempt the life of that woman, I will fire into the magazine and blow up the ship, which you will have dishonored by your cruelty."

The sailors had caught hold of her with grappling irons, for they did not dare to touch her with their hands. They knew their captain too well to think he would not execute his threat—they released their prey. He called one of the officers, and ordered him to take his post, pistol in hand, by the powder room, and then hastened to assist the unfortunate woman, who had fainted. He carried her into his

cabin, and there, with the aid of the ship's surgeon, he succeeded, with much difficulty, in restoring animation. To his great surprise and joy, when she recovered from her fainting-fit, her reason had returned.

"Where am I?" enquired she, looking around her with astonishment. "Oh! what a fearful dream I have had! Oh, my God! hast thou at last taken pity upon me?"

"All your misfortunes are now ended, madam," said Ribeira, "God in his great goodness has deigned to put a term to the cruel trials to which you have been exposed."

"Then it is true," replied she, weeping bitterly. "No, it has not been a dream. Alonzo! My mother! my child! they are all dead! Oh, that it had pleased God to take me to himself with them."

Ribeira for some minutes feared that her reason was again about to leave her; but the violent shock which terror had occasioned, from the threats and brutal violence of the sailors, had produced a salutary revolution in her mind. All that was requisite to complete her cure was care and tranquillity.

The ship had a successful voyage. Upon her arrival in the Brazils, Donna Margarita, for our readers will already have surmised that it was she whom Ribeira found on board the fated vessel, determined upon returning to Europe with him. The sailors, who would so cruelly have consigned her to a watery grave, won by her gentle manners, took the liveliest interest in her fortunes, and there was not one on board who would not willingly have sacrificed his life to serve her.

When the Teresa returned to Cadiz, Donna Margarita's health was perfectly re-established. Ribeira delivered to her the casket which he had found on board the Margarita; on receiving it, she burst into tears, exclaiming—"This casket belonged to my husband! poor Alonzo! what a cruel fate was thine!"

She then told Ribeira her whole history, as detailed in our first chapter,

and added, "Alonzo chose me for his wife when I was poor, reduced by abject misery to undergo the most cruel humiliation. He gave me his name—made me rich and happy—and to my mother became the most affectionate and respectful of sons. Judge then of the love and veneration which I felt for him."

She then went on to say, that they had lived in perfect happiness for two years. She had become the mother of a lovely daughter—her own mother had recovered her health and reason—Don Alonzo had succeeded to a large fortune, left him by a near relative, who had lived in Mexico. It was necessary he should proceed to that country to settle his affairs. He bought a vessel which he named the Margarita, on board which they all embarked. On the day the ship sailed, one of the crew was suddenly missed; it was thought he had accidentally fallen into the sea. Three days afterwards his body was found in the hold of the ship, and was committed to the waves. In a short time the plague broke out on board; the sailor who had died had lately returned from Smyrna. One by one the crew fell victims to the contagion, and every one on board, excepting herself and child had perished. She was attacked by it after the death of Alonzo and her mother, and while under its appalling influence, she heard her child crying for her, but could not move to its assistance. She supposed that she then became deprived of reason, for she recollected nothing that happened from that time, until she found herself so unexpectedly on board the Teresa.

Captain Ribeira accompanied her to Barcelona, where her husband's family lived. She found that the executor of Don Alonzo's Mexican relation had remitted large sums of money, which he had recovered, to a banker in Paris, and that it was necessary she should proceed there, and prove her claim to them, Don Alonzo having executed a will before leaving Spain, by which he bequeathed to her his whole property.

In Paris the society of the lovely and wealthy widow was sought by all, and in about twelve months after her arrival there, she married the Marquis de Villavicencio. Her house is now the resort of the most distinguished senators, statesmen,

poets, and artists of the age. Her benevolence is unbounded ; and Donna Margarita, the former shop-woman of the Madrid hair-dresser, is now beloved by all that is good, and great, and virtuous, as the Marchioness de Villavicencio.

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